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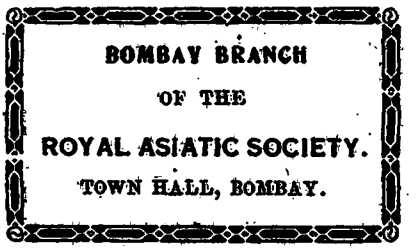

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THE SPECTATOR IN LONDON

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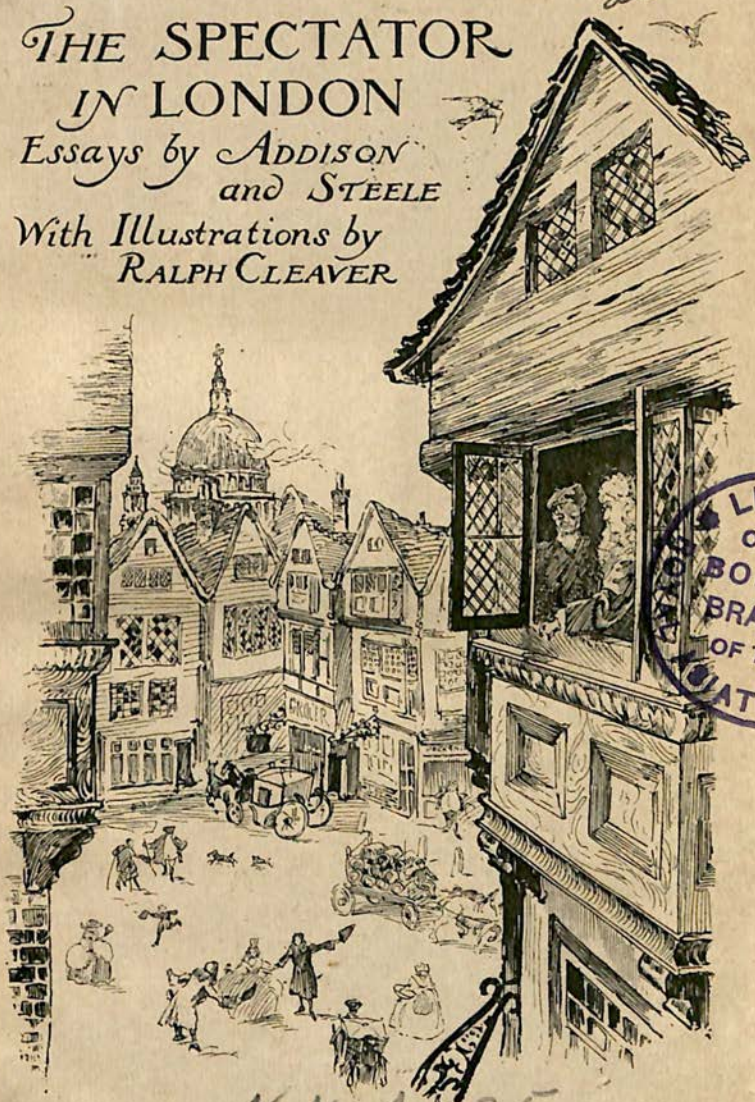
THE SPECTATOR IN LONDON

Essays by ADDISON and STEELE

With Illustrations by RALPH CLEAVER



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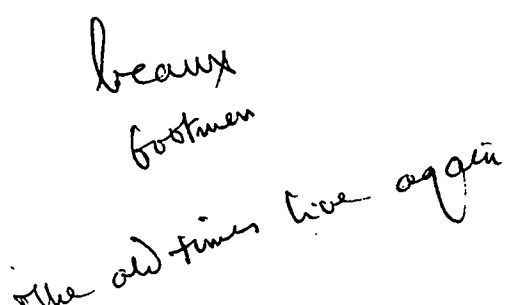
Preface

Of the six hundred and thirty-five papers contained in the Spectator, *none are nearly so well known as those which tell of Sir Roger de Coverley, and which indeed are familiar to numbers of readers who have seldom or never turned over the bulky series of Addison and Steele's famous essays. And this is not solely due to the charm of those delightful papers, but to the fact that they are easily detached, and thus have the advantage which a little book generally enjoys over a big one.*

To that pleasant picture of Country Life in the Eighteenth Century the present collection may perhaps be accepted as a companion volume. It contains most of the Essays in which the Spectator *describes and satirizes the Town Life of his day, and shows us London as it was in the time of Queen Anne.*

"As we read in these delightful volumes," says Thackeray, "the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers; the

beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. . . . Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again."



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The Spectator and his Readers

Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.—VIRG.

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may,

if possible, both Ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among Men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that set apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallow'd up and devoured those of the *Ægyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self,

than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland;* and to amuse our selves with such Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice,

than such as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcileable?

In the next Place, I would recommend this Paper

to the daily Perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

There is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnish'd with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve a Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they

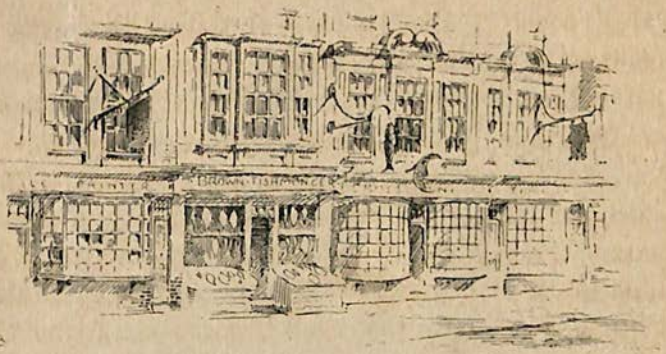
have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful than to the female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex, than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweetmeats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, and inspire a kind of Awe and Respect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to encrease the Number of these by publishing this daily

Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at least divert the Minds of my female Readers from greater Trifles. At the same Time, as I would fain give some finishing Touches to those which are already the most beautiful Pieces in humane Nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the Blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the Embellishments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle Readers, who have so much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, since they may do it without any Hindrance to Business.

I know several of my Friends and Well-wishers are in great Pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every Day: But to make them easy in this Particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promise, desire me to keep my Word, assure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleasantries of the like Nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best Friends, when they have such a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my Caveat against this Piece of Raillery.

Addison.



London Lodgings

——*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*—PER.

AT my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my likeing. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings by reason of an officious Land-lady, that would be asking every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Land-lord, who was a jolly, good-natur'd Man, took it into his head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for Two or Three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Land-lord, who, as I said before, was an honest

hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words:—*Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards* Islington; *If any one can give Notice of him to* R. B., *Fishmonger in the* Strand, *he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Land-lord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchang'd a Word together these Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water, to my Bason: Upon which my Land-lady nods, as much as to say she takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewise model'd her Family so well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat or prattle in my Face, his eldest Sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Land-lady observing that upon these Occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such Ceremony to be used in the House; so that at present I walk into the Kitchin or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any

Interruption to the Business or Discourse of the Family. The Maid will ask her Mistress (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the

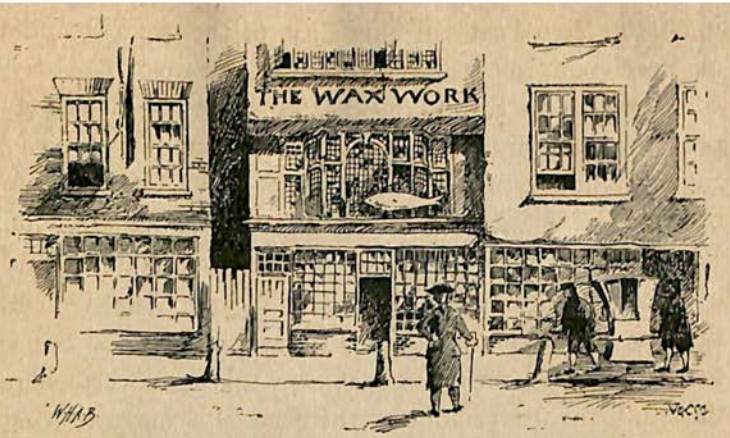
Mistress (who is indeed an excellent Housewife) scolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In short, I move up and down the House and enter into all Companies with the same Liberty

as a Cat or any other domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Land-lady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Land-lady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room, and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Women's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks and crouded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this Twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had

been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrours of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has enter'd a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had march'd up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons who have been terrify'd, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts, as Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper, and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity.

Addison.



Signs

——— *Neque semper arcum*
Tendit Apollo.—HOR.

I SHALL here present my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embellishment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticism.

"*SIR*,

"Observing that you have Thoughts of creating certain Officers under you for the Inspection of several petty Enormities which you your self cannot attend to; and finding daily Absurdities hung out

upon the Sign-Posts of this City, to the great Scandal of Foreigners, as well as those of our own Country, who are curious Spectators of the same: I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased to make me your Superintendant of all such Figures and Devices as are or shall be made use of on this Occasion; with full Powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an Officer, there is nothing like sound Literature and good Sense to be met with in those Objects that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the Eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the desarts of *Africk*. Strange! that one who has all the Birds and Beasts in Nature to chuse out of, should live at the Sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

"My first Task, therefore, should be, like that of *Hercules*, to clear the City from Monsters. In the second Place, I would forbid that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures should be joined together in the same Sign; such as the Bell and the Neats-tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? and when did the Lamb and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Post? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it, and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to

you upon this Subject, that it is usual for a young Tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Master whom he serv'd; as the Husband, after Marriage, gives a Place to his Mistress's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Rise to many of those Absurdities which are committed over our Heads, and, as I am inform'd, first occasioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would, therefore, establish certain Rules for the determining how far one Tradesman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what Cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

"In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign which bears some Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a Bawd at the Sign of the Angel, or a Taylor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoemaker at the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this Regulation, I have seen a Goat set up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the French King's Head at a Sword-Cutler's.

"An ingenious Foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen who value themselves upon their Families, and overlook such as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Fore-fathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact: But though it may not be necessary for Posterity thus to set up the Sign of their Fore-fathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the Trade to shew some such Marks of it before their Doors.

"When the Name gives an Occasion for an ingenious Sign-post, I would likewise advise the Owner to take that Opportunity of letting the World know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon* to have lived at the Sign of the Trout; for which Reason she has erected before her House the Figure of the Fish that is her Name-sake. Mr. *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a Device of the same Nature: And here, Sir, I must beg Leave to observe to you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given Occasion to several Pieces of Wit in this Kind. A Man of your Reading must know, that *Abel Drugger* gained great Applause by it in the Time of *Ben Johnson.* Our Apocryphal Heathen God is also represented by this Figure; which, in conjunction with the Dragon, make a very handsome picture in several of our Streets. As for the Bell-Savage, which is the Sign of a savage Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the French, which gives an Account of a very beautiful Woman who was found in a Wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage;* and is everywhere translated by our Countrymen the Bell-Savage. This Piece of Philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign-posts my Study, and consequently qualified my self for the Employment which I sollicit at your Hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another Remark, which I have made upon the Subject

with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd Guess at the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A surly cholerick Fellow generally makes Choice of a Bear; as Men of milder Dispositions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-Bowl painted upon a Sign near *Charing Cross*, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of Angels hovering over it and squeezing a Lemmon into it, I had the Curiosity to ask after the Master of the House, and found upon Inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *Agréemens* upon his Sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these Hints to a Gentleman of your great Abilities; so humbly recommending my self to your Favour and Patronage,

I remain, etc."

Addison.

The Royal Exchange

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit Natura locis——

VIRG.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the

whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am justled among a Body of *Armenians*: Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd, but at the same time connives at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some

Mony to *Grand Cairo;* but as I am not versed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, insomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raising Estates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred

Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent

from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of

Peru, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indostan.*

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicates of the like Nature; That our Climate of itself, and without the Assistances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That our Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan:* Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands our Hot-beds; the *Persians* our Silk-

Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Extremities of Weather which give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the '*Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like

Princes for greater Sums of Mony than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves.

Addison.

The Cries of London

———*Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea Vox.———

VIRG.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London.* My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head, or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville,* and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying anything further of it.

"*Sir*,

"I am a Man of all Business, and would willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented several Projects for raising many Millions of Money without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack and a Projector; so that despairing to enrich either my self or my Country by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make some Proposals to you relating to a Design which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure me a handsome Subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

"The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of the *London* Cries, which are at present under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being a Man of very strong Lungs, of great Insight into all the Branches of our *British* Trades and Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Musick.

"The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a very great Disorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of disturbing a whole Street, for an Hour together, with the Twanking of a Brass-Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight startles us in our Beds as much as the Breaking in of a Thief. The Sowgelder's Horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom

heard within the Liberties. I would therefore propose, that no Instrument of this Nature should be made use of which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

"Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted City to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of such enormous Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *Ela*, and in Sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our Teeth on Edge. The Chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain Pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same Observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and mellow the Voices of these itinerant Tradesmen before they make their Appearance in our Streets; as also to accommodate their Cries to their respective Wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most Noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the Vendors of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wool.*

"Some of these last mentioned Musicians are so very loud in the Sale of these trifling Manufactures, that an honest Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaint-

ance bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived: But what was the Effect of

this Contract? Why, the whole Tribe of Card-match-makers which frequent that Quarter passed by his

Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire:* Yet this is generally the Case. A Bloody Battle alarms the Town from one End to another in an Instant. Every Motion of the *French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugal*, or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head those excessive Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infest our Streets in Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are Wares which are in no Danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow Time, and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable than the former; the Cooper in particular swells his last Note in an hollow Voice that is not without its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn Air with which the Public are very often asked, if they have any Chairs to mend? Your own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable Ditties of the

same Nature, in which the Musick is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but, alas! this Cry, like the Song of the Nightingale, is not heard above two Months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same Air might not in some Cases be adapted to other Words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, how far, in a well-regulated City, those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional Cries of their Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their own: Such as was, not many Years since, the Pastry-man, commonly known by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name of *Powder-Watt.*

"I must not here omit one particular Absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous Generation, and which renders their Cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the Publick; I mean, that idle Accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that People know the Wares they deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a Country

Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and Scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that none but their Acquaintance are able to guess at their Profession ;

for who else can know, that *Work if I had it,* should be the Signification of a Corn-Cutter?

"Forasmuch therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should preside over these Publick Cries, who

should permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the Croud, and the Rattling of Coaches, but also to vend their respective Merchandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my self as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate some other Projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the Emolument of the Public.

I am,

Sir, etc.,

Ralph Crotchet."

Addison.

Twenty-four Hours in London

Sine me, Vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi Laboris.—TER. HEAU.

IT is an inexpressible Pleasure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endless Curiosity, is a Delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation: Nay, they who enjoy it, must value Things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their Amusement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night last Week at *Richmond;* and being restless, not out of Dissatisfaction, but a certain busie Inclination one sometimes has, I rose at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for *London*, with a Resolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the

many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Person for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Visit of Conversation at their own Houses.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* by People as different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six a Clock give way to those of Nine, they of Nine to the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the fashionable World, who have made Two a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we first put off from Shore, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of *London;* and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Chearfulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* it self, loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easie to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins,

who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Stocks Market*.

Nothing remarkable happened in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms*, and taken in Melons, consigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading: when the Hackney-Coachmen of the foregoing Night took their leave of each other at the *Dark-House*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent, Chimney-Sweepers pass'd by us as we made up to the Market, and some Raillery happened between one of the Fruit Wenches and those black Men about the Devil and *Eve*, with Allusion to their several Professions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden;* where I strolled from one Fruit-Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families. It was almost eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a Young Lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her Maid. I saw immediately she was of the Family of the *Vainloves*. There are a set of these who of all Things affect the Play of *Blindman's-Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not

where. This sort of Woman is usually a janty Slattern; she hangs on her Cloaths, plays her Head, varies her Posture, and changes Place incessantly, and all with an Appearance of striving at the same time to hide her self, and yet give you to understand she is in Humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an Instant my Coachman took the Wink to pursue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* towards St. *James's*: While he whipped up *James-Street*, we drove for *King-Street*, to save the Pass at St. *Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for Way, and be entangled at the End of *Newport-Street* and *Long-Acre*. The Fright, you must believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Door, and obliged her, with her Mask off, to enquire into the Bustle, when she sees the Man she would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach-Window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of these Ladies keeps her Seat in a Hackney-Coach as well as the best Rider does on a managed Horse. The laced Shooe of her left Foot, with a careless Gesture, just appearing on the opposite Cushion, held her both firm and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As she was an excellent Coach Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and a Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers; till at last my Lady was conveniently lost with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This Chase

was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that she was a Silk-Worm. I was surprized with this Phrase, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their best Customers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in

Town without buying any thing. The Silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen; for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbands, and serve the Owners in getting them Customers as their common Dunners do in making them pay.

The Day of People of Fashion began now to Break, and Carts and Hacks were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of Cheapness; but my unhappy Curiosity is such, that I find it always my Interest to take Coach, for some odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happened so immediately; for at the Corner of *Warwick-Street*, as I was listening to a new Ballad, a ragged Rascal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extream Poor, and should die in the Street for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six-pence to go into the next Ale-house and save his Life. He urged, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirst. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jest; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me sneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing Reflection to see the World so prettily chequered since I left *Richmond*, and the Scene still filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction encreased as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent

publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the Joy still rising till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange* of *London*. As other men in the Crowds about me were pleased with their Hopes and Bargains, I found my Account in observing them, in Attention to their several Interests. I, indeed, looked upon my self as the richest Man that walked the *Exchange* that Day; for my Benevolence made me share the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the least of my Satisfactions in my Survey, to go up Stairs, and pass the Shops of agreeable Females; to observe so many pretty Hands busie in the Foldings of Ribbands, and the utmost Eagerness of agreeable Faces in the sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters, was an Amusement in which I should longer have indulged my self, had not the dear Creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *To look at you.* I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the several Voices lost their Distinction, and rose up in a confused Humming; which created in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to my self with a kind of Pun in Thought, *What Nonsense is all the Hurry of this World to those who are above it?* In these, or not much wiser Thoughts, I had like to have lost my Place at the Chop-House, where every Man, according to the natural Bashfulness or Sullenness of our Nation, eats in a publick Room a Mess of Broth,

or Chop of Meat, in dumb Silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the Foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin's*, and saw People who had dined with me at the Five-penny Ordinary just before, give Bills for the Value of large Estates; and could not but behold with great Pleasure, Property lodged in, and transferred in a Moment from such as would never be Masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common Scene of *Covent-Garden*, and passed the Evening at *Will's* in attending the Discourses of several Sets of People, who relieved each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Cards, Dice, Love, Learning and Politicks. The last Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Possession of the Bell-man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd, *Past Two of Clock*. This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into the Discourse of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of Six-pence, instead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chambers I writ down these Minutes; but was at a Loss what Instruction I should propose to my Reader from the Enumeration of so many Insignificant Matters and Occurrences: and I thought it of great Use, if they could learn with me to keep

their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumstance will make every Face you see give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend; will make every Object a pleasing one; will make all the Good which arrives to any Man an Encrease of Happiness to your self.

Steele.

Iroquois Chiefs in London

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.—JUV.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were

written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*:—

"On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the Hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part, by the best Information that I could get of this Matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape it now bears by several Tools and Instruments of which they have a wonderful Variety in this Country. It was probably at first an huge misshapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, which the Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry, 'till they wrought in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus curiously scooped

to their Liking, a prodigious Number of Hands must have been employed in chipping the Outside of it, which is now as smooth as the Surface of a Pebble; and is in several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great Work was begun, which must have been many Hundred Years ago, there was some Religion among this People; for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. And indeed, there are several Reasons which make us think that the Natives of this Country had formerly among them some sort of Worship; for they set apart every seventh Day as sacred: But upon my going into one of these holy Houses on that Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in Black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most of them bowing and curtisying to one another, and a considerable Number of them fast asleep.

"The Queen of the Country appointed two Men to attend us, that had enough of our Language to make themselves understood in some few Particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great Enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same Story. We could make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infested with

a monstrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, called *Whigs;* and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

"Our other Interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a Monster as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These two Creatures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these Species, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us with Misrepresentations and Fictions, and amused us with an Account of such Monsters as are not really in their Country.

"These Particulars we made a shift to pick out from the Discourse of our Interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a Word of what they said, and afterwards making up the Meaning of it among ourselves. The Men of the Country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft Works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows carried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service. Their Dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are the Occasion of several Distempers among them

which our Country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they often buy up a monstrous Bush of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls down in a large Fleece below the Middle of their Backs; with which they walk up and down the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

"We were invited to one of their publick Diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great Men of their Country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the Persons of the greatest Abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge Room lighted up with abundance of Candles, where this lazy People sat still above three Hours to see several Feats of Ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

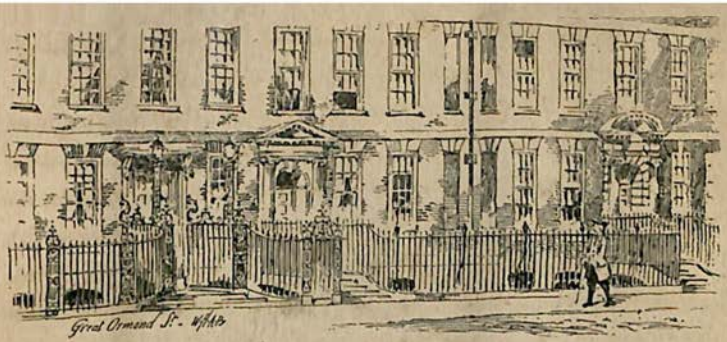
"As for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our Remarks upon them at a Distance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length; but as the Men make a great Show with Heads of Hair that are not of their own, the Women, who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being seen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that are apt to break out in their Faces, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures. I have observed that those little Blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have

seen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon which was upon the Chin in the Morning."

The Author then proceeds to shew the Absurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious

Observations, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild Remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, That we are all guilty, in some Measure, of the same narrow way of Thinking which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian* Journal, when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant if they do not resemble those of our own.

Addison.



Clubs

——*Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.—JUV.

MAN is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies which are commonly known by the name of *Clubs*. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of such a Fantastick Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-town in which there was a Club of Fat-Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance: The Room, where the Club met, was something of the

largest, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-Doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-Doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society there sprung up another, composed of Scare-Crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and consequently out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation: that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which Means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbets, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the

Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club. That of the *Georges*, which used to meet at the Sign of the *George*, on St. *George's* day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it of a Sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smoak their Pipes, and say nothing 'till Mid-night. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear

mentioning a very mischievous one that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean *the Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table for such as had only drawn Blood, and shown a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualify themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat* it self is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak* and *October* Clubs are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another: When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day,

by an innocent and chearful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every Night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be observed in the* Two-penny Club, *erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood.*

I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two Pence.

II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment.

IV. If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. If any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-Penny.

VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smoaks.

VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him

Home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.

X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother Member.

XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben. Johnson*, the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* author.

Addison.

The Mohock Club

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes.—PERS.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"The Materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a Part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we all owe the learned World to furnish you with such Assistances as may promote that useful Work. For this Reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men (if you will allow them a place in that Species of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity, under the Title of the *Mohock Club*, a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of *Cannibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them. The President

is styled *Emperor of the Mohocks;* and his Arms are a *Turkish* Crescent, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed design of their Institution is Mischief; and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outrageous Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow-Creatures is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members. In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason and Humanity; then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrole. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'éclat.* The particular Talents by which these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of Barbarities which they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy Dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers: Others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally *French* I cannot tell: A third sort are the Tumblers, whose office it is to

commit certain Indecencies, or rather Barbarities, on women.[1] But these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the Reader as well as

the SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry on a War against Mankind; and by the standing Maxims of

[1] Gay says in his *Trivia* that the Mohocks rolled women in hogsheads down Snow Hill.

their Policy, are to enter into no Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and Defensive with all disorderly Houses in general, of which they have declared themselves Protectors and Guarantees.

"I must own, Sir, these are only broken, incoherent Memoirs of this wonderful Society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late Establishment, it is not ripe for a just History; And to be serious, the chief Design of this Trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleas'd, out of a concern for the good of your Countrymen, to act, under the Character of SPECTATOR, not only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of their Actions; and whenever such Enormities as this infest the Town we immediately fly to you for Redress. I have reason to believe that some thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be distinguished for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly hurry'd into this senseless scandalous Project: Such will probably stand corrected by your Reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not Courage for half a score Fellows, mad with Wine and Lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the Manners of *Indian* Savages are no becoming Accomplishments to an *English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have been Bullies and Scowrers of a long standing, and are grown Veterans in this kind of Service, are, I fear, too hardned to receive any Impressions from your Admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to

their Perusal your ninth Speculation: They may there be taught to take warning from the Club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common Fate of those Men of Honour was to be hang'd.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

Philanthropos."

March the 10th, 1711-12.

Steele.

Coffee-houses

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*—MART.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man of my Temper is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able Flatterers that never speak a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but still practise a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse.

We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdasher has a Levy of more undissembled Friends and Admirers than most of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House; some of whom are ready dress'd for *Westminster*, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as busie as if they were retained in every Cause there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to saunter away their Time, as if they never designed

to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter so effectually as these young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Searle's*, and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *Virtuoso's* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air which shews they regard one another for their Vestments. I have observed that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busie for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *Deshabilé*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard are such as are between these two sorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the worthier Part of Mankind; of these are all good Fathers, generous

Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination: Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods.*

The Coffee-house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launching into Expence; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others as he is to oblige you.

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends,

at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He

does not consider in whose Hands his Mony will improve most, but where it will do most Good.

Eubulus has so great an Authority in his little

Diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of publick News they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him; are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee-house. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turned.

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as first Minister of the Coffee-house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders.

Steele.

Coffee-houses

Stultitiam patiuntur opes——
HOR.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents:—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please

to take notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true that it is almost Proverbial; but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Mony. The Gentleman I am speaking of takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse, offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands (pointing to one smoaking at another Table), that I was utterly mistaken. I was Dumb for

want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Instance as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Com-

panions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle* of *Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit,

that *Cæsar* never intrigued with *Cato's* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some People.

"There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

Your humble Servant."

"*Coffee-House near the* Temple,
Aug. 12, 1711.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"Here's a young Gentleman that sings Opera-Tunes or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certify Whistlers, Singers, and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Room comes to, that the Law is open, and that there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage-Coach, and of the same Sentiment with Counsellor *Ephraim.* It is true the Young Man is rich, and as the Vulgar say,

needs not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

I am, Sir,
Your Most Humble Servant.

"*P.S.*—I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Musick may lodge to the *Thames.*"

Steele.

Coffee-houses

Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.—Hor.

My Correspondents assure me that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the *Temple*, informs me that the Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he

has danced both *French* and Country-Dances, and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head, and fall back, according to the

respective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a

full half Hour ; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have saved me?* and then asked the young Fellow (pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm) whether that was an Opera-Score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exercise above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to the full House who were turned upon him, without the least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town ; they do not at all seem to be the Growth of our Island ; the Pert, the Talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observations of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative *Englishman* as I should be to see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Hedges. Where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a

Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers: These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much ease as we can our Eyes: It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it whom you can suppose to have anything in the World to do. These Persons are worse than Bawlers as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *Do not you think*

so? Then whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Person;* then whisper again. The thing would be well enough if they whisper'd to keep the Folly of what they say among Friends; but, alas! they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World, which you would think he learned from some familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in truth Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, "That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are riper." My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

Steele.

Coffee-houses

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit——
HOR.

WHEN I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar Ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of St. *James's*, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of *Cheapside*, who are likewise removed from those of the *Temple* on the one side, and those of *Smithfield* on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of *London* and

Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of *France's* Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our *British* Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-Head as possible, I first of all called in at St. *James's*, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buzz of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sat in the inner Room within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spanish* Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles's*, where I saw a Board of *French* Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who

had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirmed that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at *Jenny Man's*, I saw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following Manner. Well, *Jack*, the old Prig is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politics between *Charing-Cross* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will's*, I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the *French* King to that of Monsieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneile*, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the *Spanish* Monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*; but finding them going out

of my Depth, I passed forward to *Paul's* Church-Yard, where I listen'd with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the *deceased* King.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Fish-street*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for some time), If, says he, the King of *France* is certainly dead we shall have Plenty of Mackerell this Season; our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By Coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the *late French* King was most like *Augustus Cæsar*, or *Nero*. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both Sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate, I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the best of my way to *Cheapside*.

I here gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee-room was a Person who expressed a great

Grief for the Death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it: Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he

had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were several Letters from *France* just come in, with Advice that the

King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Post came away: Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I had prosecuted with much Satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a Regard to his own particular Interest and Advantage.

Addison.

Coffee-houses

Est natura Hominum Novitatis avida.—PLIN. APUD LILL.

THERE is no Humour in my Countrymen, which I am more enclined to wonder at, than their general Thirst after News. There are about half a Dozen Ingenious Men who live very plentifully upon this Curiosity of their Fellow-Subjects. They all of them receive the same Advices from abroad, and very often in the same Words; but their Way of Cooking it is so different, that there is no Citizen, who has an Eye to the publick Good, that can leave the Coffee-house with Peace of Mind before he has given every one of them a Reading. These several Dishes of News are so very agreeable to the Palate of my Countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating Politicians who oblige the Publick with their Reflections and Observations upon every piece of Intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The Text is

given us by one set of Writers, and the Comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same Tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires in so many Articles of the same Paper; notwithstanding a Scarcity of Foreign Posts, we hear the same Story repeated by different Advices from *Paris*, *Brussels*, the *Hague*, and from every great Town in *Europe*; notwithstanding the Multitude of Annotations, Explanations, Reflections, and various Readings which it passes through, our Time lies heavy on our Hands till the Arrival of a fresh Mail: We long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next Step, or what will be the Consequences of that which has been already taken. A Westerly Wind keeps the whole Town in Suspence, and puts a Stop to Conversation.

This general Curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late Wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good Use to a Person who has such a Thirst awakened in him. Why should not a Man, who takes Delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to History, Travels, and other Writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual Fuel for his Curiosity, and meet with much more Pleasure and Improvement than in these Papers of the Week? An honest Tradesman, who languishes a whole Summer in Expectation of a Battel, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a Day. He may read the News of a whole Campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the Products of any single Post. Fights, Conquests

and Revolutions lye thick together. The Reader's Curiosity is raised and satisfied every Moment, and his Passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a State of uncertainty from Day to Day, or lying at the Mercy of Sea and Wind. In short, the Mind is not here kept in a perpetual Gape after Knowledge, nor punished with that Eternal Thirst which is the Portion of all our modern News-mongers and Coffee-house Politicians.

All Matters of Fact, which a Man did not know before, are News to him; and I do not see how any Haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present Quarrel of the Cantons than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more Importance to an *Englishman* to know the History of his Ancestors, than that of his Contemporaries who live upon the Banks of the *Danube* or the *Borysthenes*. As for those who are of another Mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from the Projector, who is willing to turn a Penny by this remarkable Curiosity of his Countrymen:—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"You must have observed that Men who frequent Coffee-houses, and delight in News, are pleased with every thing that is Matter of Fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A Victory or a Defeat are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a Cardinal's Mouth pleases them one Post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the

French Court is removed to *Marli*, and are afterwards as much delighted with its Return to *Versailles*. They read the Advertisements with the same Curiosity as the Articles of publick News; and are as pleased to hear of a Pye-bald Horse that is stray'd out of a Field near *Islington*, as of a whole Troop that has been engaged in any Foreign Adventure. In short, they have a Relish for every thing that is News, let the matter of it be what it will; or to speak more properly, they are Men of a Voracious Appetite, but no Taste. Now, Sir, since the great Fountain of News, I mean the War, is very near being dried up; and since these Gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable Thirst after it; I have taken their Case and my own into Consideration, and have thought of a Project which may turn to the Advantage of us both. I have Thoughts of publishing a daily Paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable Occurences in every little Town, Village and Hamlet, that lye within ten Miles of *London*, or in other Words, within the Verge of the Penny-Post. I have pitched upon this Scene of Intelligence for two Reasons: first, because the Carriage of Letters will be very cheap; and, secondly, because I may receive them every Day. By this means my Readers will have their News fresh and fresh, and many worthy Citizens who cannot Sleep with any Satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the World goes, may go to Bed contentedly, it being my Design to put out my Paper every Night at nine-a-Clock precisely. I have already established Corre-

To St ALBANS

spondences in these several Places, and received very good Intelligence.

"By my last Advices from *Knights-bridge* I hear that a Horse was clapped into the Pound on the third Instant, and that he was not released when the Letters came away.

"We are informed from *Pankridge*, that a dozen Weddings were lately celebrated in the Mother Church of that Place, but are referred to their next Letters for the Names of the Parties concerned.

"Letters from *Brompton* advise, that the Widow *Bligh* had received several Visits from *John Milldew*, which affords great matter of Speculation in those Parts.

"By a Fisherman which lately touched at *Hammersmith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a certain Person well known in that Place is like to lose his Election for Church-warden; but this being Boat-news we cannot give entire Credit to it.

"Letters from *Paddington* bring little more, than that *William Squeak*, with his Horn, passed through that Place the 5th Instant.

"They advise from *Fulham*, that things remained there in the same State they were. They had Intelligence, just as the Letters came away, of a Tub of excellent Ale just set abroach at *Parsons Green*; but this wanted Confirmation.

"I have here, Sir, given you a Specimen of the News with which I intend to entertain the Town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the Form of a News

Paper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those Publick-spirited Readers who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other Peoples Business than their own. I hope a Paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us than those which are filled with Advices from *Zug* and *Bender*, and make some amends for that Dearth of Intelligence which we may justly apprehend from times of Peace. If I find that you receive this Project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy Sir, with all due Respect,

Your most Obedient,
and most Humble Servant."

Addison.

Coffee-houses

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.—P. ARB.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE been for many Years loud in this Assertion, That there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this thro' Incapacity or Prejudice, one of which disables almost every Man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which Reason I am come to a Resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn the Men given to Narration under the Appellation of a Matter of Fact Man: And according to me, a Matter of Fact Man is one whose Life and Conversation is spent in the Report of what is not Matter of Fact.

"I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here, there was no knowing his Height or Figure, till you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, gave the Publick Satisfaction in that Matter. In Relations, the Force of the Expression

lies very often more in the Look, the Tone of Voice, or the Gesture, than the Words themselves; which being repeated in any other Manner by the Undiscerning, bear a very different Interpretation from their original Meaning. I must confess, I formerly have turn'd this Humour of mine to very good Account; for whenever I heard any Narration utter'd with extraordinary Vehemence, and grounded upon considerable Authority, I was always ready to lay any Wager that it was not so. Indeed, I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the Matter in any particular Way in Opposition to theirs; but as there are a hundred Ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happen'd, I only controverted its falling out in that one Manner as they settled it, and left it to the Ninety nine other Ways, and consequently had more Probability of Success. I had arrived at a particular skill in warming a Man so far in his Narration, as to make him throw in a little of the Marvelous, and then, if he has much Fire, the next Degree is the Impossible. Now this is always the Time for fixing the Wager. But this requires the nicest Management, otherwise very probably the Dispute may arise to the old Determination by Battle. In these Conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some Wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon Intelligence, and have put themselves to great Charge and Expence to be misinformed considerably sooner than the Rest of the World.

"Having got a comfortable Sum by this my Opposition to publick Report, I have brought my self

now to so great a Perfection in Inattention, more especially to Party Relations, that at the same time I seem with greedy Ears to devour up the Discourse, I

certainly don't know one Word of it, but pursue my own Course of Thought, whether upon Business or Amusement, with much Tranquility: I say Inattention, because a late Act of Parliament has secur'd all Party-Lyars from the Penalty of a Wager, and consequently

made it unprofitable to attend them. However, good Breeding obliges a Man to maintain the Figure of the keenest Attention, the true Posture of which in a Coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a Table, with the Edge of it pressing hard upon your Stomach; for the more Pain the Narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over: Besides that the Narrator thinks you forget your Pain by the Pleasure of hearing him.

"Fort *Knock* has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant Heats and Animosities; and there was one t'other day in a Coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that Business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of Man that had not strength of Capacity to be inform'd of any thing that depended merely upon his being an Eye-Witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no Information, for the very same Reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same Greediness as *Shakespear* describes in the following Lines:—

> "*I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus,*
> *With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News.*

"I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the Declaimers in Coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their Vociferations. Of these Liars there are two Sorts. The Genius of the first consists in much Impudence and a strong Memory; the others have

added to these Qualifications a good Understanding and smooth Language. These therefore have only certain Heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be call'd Embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their Parts or Zeal will permit, and are called Reciters. Here was a Fellow in Town some Years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a Lie at *Charing-Cross* in the Morning at eight of the Clock, and then following it through all Parts of the Town till eight at Night; at which time he came to a Club of his Friends, and diverted them with an Account what Censure it had at *Will's* in *Covent-Garden*, how dangerous it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what Inference they drew from it with Relation to Stocks at *Jonathan's*. I have had the Honour to travel with this Gentleman I speak of in Search of one of his Falshoods; and have been present when they have described the very Man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Ragga-muffin, according as they liked the Intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious Writers of News say, that when he has had a Customer come with an Advertisement of an Apprentice or a Wife run away, he has desired the Advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the Description of the Offender: For when a Person is put into a publick Paper by a Man who is angry with him, the real Description of such Person is hid in the Deformity with which the angry Man described him; therefore this Fellow always made his

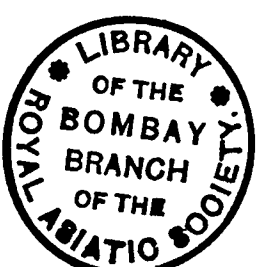
Customers describe him as he would the Day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other Hints I could suggest to you for the Elucidation of all Fictions; but I leave it to your own Sagacity to improve or neglect this Speculation.

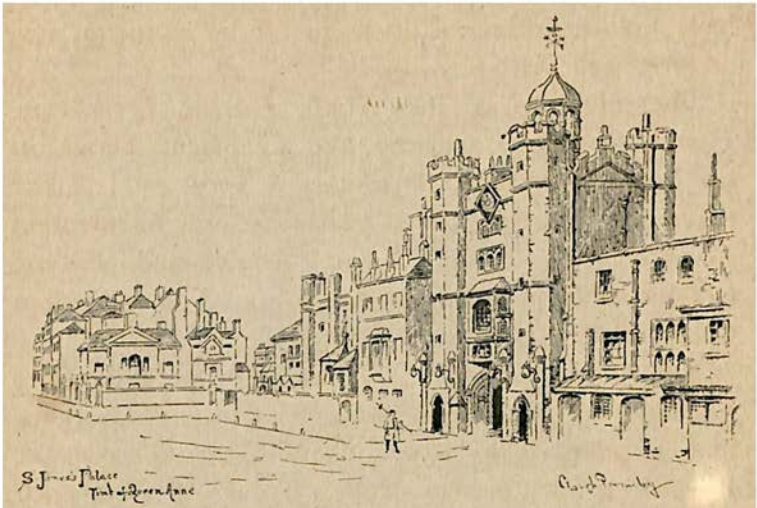
I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant."

Steele.





Pamphlets

——*Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*—VIRG.

I HAVE received private Advice from some of my Correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I should take care to season it with Scandal. I have, indeed, observed of late that few Writings sell which are not filled with great Names and illustrious Titles. The Reader generally casts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds several Letters separated from one another by a Dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short Line between them, has sold many an Insipid Pamphlet. Nay, I

have known a whole Edition go off by vertue of two or three well written *etc——'s*.

A sprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant Terms, in an Italick Character, have also a very good Effect upon the Eye of the Purchaser; not to mention *Scribler*, *Lier*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a Modern Controversie.

Our Party-writers are so sensible of the secret Vertue of an Innuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Person. It gives a secret Satisfaction to a Peruser of these mysterious Works that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank-Space, or make out a Word that has only the first or last Letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyrical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the Consonants. This way of Writing was first of all introduced by *T–m Br–wn*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gutted a proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, used to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any Danger of the Statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and

publish a Paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the present Posture of Affairs, will easily discover the Meaning of it.

"If there are *four* Persons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confusion, and ruin their native Country, I think every honest *Engl–shm–n* ought to be upon his Guard. That there are such every one will agree with me, who hears me name * * * with his first Friend and Favourite * * *, not to mention * * * nor * * *. These People may cry Ch–rch, Ch–rch, as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely Proverb, The Proof of the P–dd–ng is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a *certain Prince* should concur with a *certain Prelate* (and we have Monsieur *Z——n's* Word for it), our Posterity would be in a sweet P–ckle. Must the *British* Nation suffer, forsooth, because my Lady *Q–p–t–s* has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our *English* Fleet, which used to be the Terror of the Ocean, should lie Windbound for the sake of a ——. I love to speak out and declare my Mind clearly when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a *B——y* or a *T——t*. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy to his Country, and a Bl–nd–rb–ss, *etc.*, *etc.*"

The remaining Part of this Political Treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the

Publick at a more convenient Season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any

sagacious Person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this short Essay will convince my Readers it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Master of the Political Scratch as any the most eminent Writer of the Age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this Modern Race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my *English* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a SPECTATOR that shall not have a single Vowel in it.

Addison.

Discussion in a Coffee-house

——*Dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus.*—MART.

I WAS Yesterday in a Coffee-House not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I observed three Persons in close Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the same Candle is looked upon among Brother-smokers as an Overture to Conversation and Friendship. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, says I, *is very witty to-*

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Day; upon which a lusty, lethargick old Gentleman, who sat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoke, which

he had been collecting for some Time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise I am afraid.* His Neighbour who sat at his right Hand immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with so much Wrath that he broke it in the Middle, and by

that means furnished me with a Tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the Face, made use of it from Time to Time all the while he was speaking: *This fellow*, says he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you see how he abuses* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks*, says he, *do you call them? they are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines? Ch–rch and P–dd–ng in the same Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; For, says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Dashes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Dash*, says the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Posterity will be in a sweet P–ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length, if he means honestly? I have read over the whole Sentence*, says I; *but I look upon the Parenthesis in the Belly of it to be the most dangerous Part, and as full of Insinuations as it can hold. But who*, says I, *is my Lady* Q–p–t–s? *Ay, Answer that if you can, Sir*, says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sate over-against him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do assure you*, says he, *were I my Lady* Q–p–t–s, *I*

would sue him for Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Must every Body be allowed to* ——*?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe, and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the last Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with so much Rage and Trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole Company. After a short Pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many Letters of my Lady *Q–p–t–s*'s Name; *but however*, says I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without so much as a Consonant to direct us? I mean*, says I, *after those Words*, The Fleet, that used to be the Terrour of the Ocean, should be Wind-bound for the sake of a ——; *after which ensues a Chasm, that in my Opinion looks modest enough. Sir*, says my Antagonist, *you may easily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I suppose he designs his Chasm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his Turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the* B–y's *and* T–t's, *treated after so scurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life*, says I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* says he, —— *Your humble Servant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himself back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig, however, had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and seeing

my Pipe out, very generously offered me the Use of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious Age, which a weak Head may not construe into private Satyr and personal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Nose at an Innuendo, smells Treason and Sedition in the most innocent Words that can be put together, and never sees a Vice or Folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the Poor, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish. This Book with these extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current Report that Some-body had written a Book against the 'Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the Place having at that Time a Controversy with some of his Congregation upon the

Account of his Tythes, was under some Suspicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man set his People right by shewing them that the satyrical Passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ against all the Sinners in *England.*

Addison.

A Great Man's Levée

———*Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis*
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.—VIRG.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange Variety of Faces and Persons which fill the Streets with Business and Hurry, it is no unpleasant Amusement to make Guesses at their different Pursuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present Attention. Of all this busie Crowd, there are none who would give a Man inclined to such Enquiries better Diversion for his Thoughts than those whom we call good Courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the Levées of Great Men. These Worthies are got into an Habit of being servile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for understanding how the World passes. In the Pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-

dressed, with no other Hope or Purpose but to make a Bow to a Man in Court-Favour, and be thought, by some insignificant Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Interests and Fortunes. It is wondrous, that a Man can get over the natural Existence and Possession of his own Mind so far, as to take Delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what most Men pursue, rather than real Happiness. Thus both the Idol and Idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good Subjects who are extreamly uneasie at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Centre of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in Courts, or be Partners in the Power of the World; I say, for the Benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the Whisper with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the Appearance at a Country Sessions, it would not, methinks, be amiss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation; and make the Little know the Use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained so

much Reputation for his Horary Predictions, is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled; and if a Peasant had lost a Cow, the Servant rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and the skillful Waiter below sifted the Enquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations, pass backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together: When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several Ways of making this first Appearance: you may be either half dressed, and washing your self, which is indeed the most stately; but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain Chastity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil List, I will not say; but have ever understood the Fact to be, that the close Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breasted on these Occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the Business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a

Multitude, that a Man is Wise, Bounteous, Valiant, and Powerful. When the first Shot of Eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast Multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-Jobber at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much Ease as if he had been bred to each of those several Ways of Life. Now this is extreamly obliging; for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an Opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order Imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person gives him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and offhand give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals, and if there

be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round

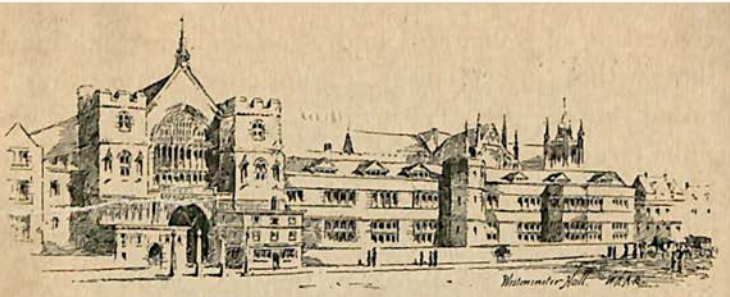
to keep up the Farce of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He casts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such-a-one ; to the other, *and when did you come to Town?* And perhaps just before he nods to another, and enters with him, *but, Sir,*

I am glad to see you, now I think of it. Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in Ranks undistinguished, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Prospects if they hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrist says, there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible that they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension it self. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with her self, nor does she betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cæsar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretensions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal)

was the Person; but such a Way of acting is Childish and inconsistent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Publick Levée; but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding.

Steele.



The Professions

——*Locus est et pluribus Umbris.*—HOR.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick ; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with Multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy of Incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the Second Division, several Brevets having been granted for the

converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers ; insomuch that within my Memory the price of Lute-string is raised above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Free-holds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England.*

The Body of the Law is no less encumbered with

superfluous Members, that are like *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crouded, many of them had not Room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Westminster-Hall* every Morning in Term-time. *Martial's* description of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour :

Iras et verba locant:

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what Strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists whenever there shall be Occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of Mind that accomplish a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Dancing once a Year, for the Honour of their Respective Societies.

Another numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-House more than *Westminster-Hall*, and are seen in all publick Assemblies except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those Silent and Busie Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater Numbers that palliate their want of Business with a Pretence to such Chamber-Practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the Profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable Body of Men: The Sight of them is enough to make a Man serious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find a Reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that Excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physick among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be described like the *British* Army in *Cæsar's* time: Some of them slay in Chariots, and some on Foot. If the Infantry do less Execution than the Charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all Quarters of the Town, and dispatch so much Business in so short a Time. Besides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite Mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Obser-

vations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds and the Chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell Merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these Professions are crouded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession, I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and Good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London* by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Money than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education! A sober, frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, tho' he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children more than their own Inclinations.

It is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that

there are very few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be overstocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchantmen are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

Addison.

The Opera in London

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?—Hor.

An Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratify the Senses, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Sense, however, requires that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childish and Absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles's* time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a Tempest in Robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paste-Board! What a Field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertain'd with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Cascades in artificial Land-skips! A little Skill in Criticism would inform us that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mix'd together in the

same Piece; and that Scenes, which are designed as the Representations of Nature, should be filled with Resemblances, and not with the Things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champain Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd several Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconsistencies, and making the Decoration partly Real and partly Imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our Modern Opera.

As I was walking in the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder; and as I was wondering with my self what Use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance who had the same Curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his Friend, licking his lips, what, are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the Stage.

This strange Dialogue awakened my Curiosity so far that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove: though, upon a nearer Enquiry, I found the Sparrows put the same Trick upon the Audience that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practised upon his Mistress; for, though they flew in

Sight, the Musick proceeded from a Consort of Flagellets and Bird-calls which was planted behind the Scenes. At the same time I made this Discovery, I found by the Discourse of the Actors that there were great Designs on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the Audience with a Party of a hundred Horse, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New River* into the House, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This Project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the Summer-Season; when it is thought the Coolness that proceeds from Fountains and Cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations and Fire-works; which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's Warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theater, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

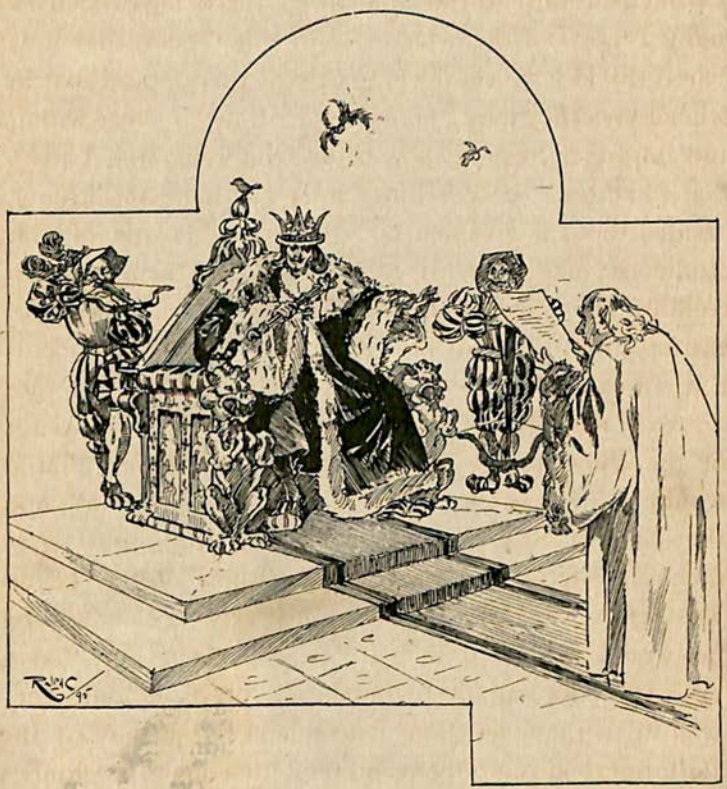
It is no wonder that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the

Argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Seignior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjuror (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a good Christian (for such is the part of the magician) should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a Taste of the *Italian*, from the first Lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figlio d'Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasso. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain Ray of* Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Hendel*,[1] the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Stile, that he Composed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid form of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the same time, fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of before they have been Two Years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of

[1] Handel, properly Haendel.

Genius which produces this difference in the Works of the two Nations; but to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, such as



Cicero and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* Writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet

himself from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one Verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinsel of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many Flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the House will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or perching upon a King's Throne; besides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Design of casting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-House, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of his Stage might be as much infested with Mice as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which Reason he would not permit it to be Acted in his House. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that Occasion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* follow his Musick, and by that means cleared the Place of those little Noxious Animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on Foot with

London and *Wise* (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-House,) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange-Grove ; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Personated by Tom-Tits : The undertakers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Mony for the Gratification of the Audience.

Addison.

The Lion at the Opera

Dic mihi si fueris tu leo qualis eris ?—MART.

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amusement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini's* Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the first Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the Tower every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaspes;* this Report, tho' altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-House, that some of the most refined Politicians in those Parts of the Audience, gave it out in Whisper that the Lion was a Cousin-German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King *William's* days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the public

Expence during the whole Session. Many likewise were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*; some supposed that he was to Subdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild Beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by Reason of the received Opinion that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their Friends that the Lion was to act a part in *High Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough Base, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaspes*. To clear up a Matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my Business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

But before I communicate my Discoveries, I must acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last Winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous Animal that extreamly startled me, and, upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion-Rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: *For* (says he) *I do not intend to hurt anybody.* I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his

manner of Acting twice or thrice since his first Appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a Fellow of a testy, cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observ'd of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt some Words in ordinary Conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleased, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to discard him: And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in so erect a Posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-House, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his Part; insomuch that after a short modest Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first touch of *Hydaspes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of showing his Variety of *Italian* Tripps: It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his flesh-colour Doublet, but this was only to make work for

himself in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes.

The Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening in this manner than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Ass in the Lion's skin.* This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer, namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes: by which their common Enemies would insinuate, it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules

of the *Drama.* Besides, this is what is practised every day in *Westminster-Hall,* where nothing is more usual

than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who, in Acting this Part, only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience; he knows very well that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to see the Horse than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just Indignation, to see a Person whose Action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the Greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of the *London* Prentice. I have often wished that our Tragœdians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as significant Looks and Passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expressions of an *Italian* Opera! In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to show what are at present the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarseness of their Taste, but our present Grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense.

Addison.

Italian Opera

—Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.—HOR.

IT is my Design in this Paper to deliver down to Posterity a faithful Account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual Progress which it has made upon the English Stage: For there is no Question but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reason why their Fore-fathers used to sit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first Opera that gave us a Taste of Italian Musick. The great Success this Opera met with, produced some Attempts of forming Pieces upon Italian Plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarm'd the Poetasters and Fidlers of the Town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary Kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an establish'd Rule, which is receiv'd as

such to this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense.*

This Maxim was no sooner receiv'd, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian Operas; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Sense of those extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own which were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Passages they pretended to translate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the English Verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,—

Barbara si t' intendo, etc.
Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expresses the Resentments of an angry Lover, was translated into that English lamentation,—

Frail are a Lovers Hopes, etc.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined Persons of the British Nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happen'd also very frequently, where the Sense was rightly translated, the necessary Transposition of Words which were drawn out of the Phrase of one Tongue into that of another, made the Musick appear very absurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus Word for Word,—

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the English for Rhime sake translated,—

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this Means the soft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian, fell upon the word Rage in the English; and the angry Sounds that were turn'd to Rage in the Original, were made to express Pity in the Translation. It oftentimes happen'd likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word *And* pursu'd through the whole Gamut, have been entertain'd with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful Graces, Quavers, and Divisions bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From;* to the eternal Honour of our English Particles.

The next Step to our Refinement was the introducing of Italian Actors into our Opera, who sung their Parts in their own Language, at the same Time that our Countrymen perform'd theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princess in a Language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carry'd on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Persons that convers'd together; but this was the State of the English Stage for about three Years.

At length the Audience grew tir'd of understanding Half the Opera, and therefore to ease themselves

Entirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have so order'd it at Present that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our Faces, though they may do it with the same Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the mean Time I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian, who writes Two or Three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taste of his wise Forefathers, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century, the Italian Tongue was so well understood in* England, *that Operas were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the Confutation of an Absurdity that shews itself at the first Sight. It does not want any great Measure of Sense to see the Ridicule of this monstrous Practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the Taste of the Rabble, but of Persons of the greatest Politeness, which has establish'd it.

If the Italians have a Genius for Musick above the English, the English have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a Time when an Author lived

that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a People to be so stupidly fond of the Italian Opera, as scarce to give a Third Days Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Possession of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of humane Nature: I must confess I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his Common-wealth.

At present our Notions of Musick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like, only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so if it be of a foreign Growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English Musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and tho' it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several Hints that may be of Use to a good Architect. I shall take the same Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Musick, which I shall lay down only in a problematical Manner to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art.

Addison.

Italian Recitativo

——*Sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque*
Suavior : ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.—HOR.

THERE is nothing that has more startled our *English* Audience than the *Italian Recitativo* at its first Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals singing the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Messages in Musick. Our Countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superscription of a Letter set to a Tune. The Famous Blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers Solus*, was now no longer an Absurdity, when it was impossible for a Hero in a Desart, or a Princess

in her Closet, to speak anything unaccompanied with Musical Instruments.

But however this *Italian* method of acting in

Recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our *English* Opera before this Innovation: The Transition from an Air to Recitative Musick being more natural than the passing from a Song to plain and

ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *Purcell's* Operas.

The only Fault I find in our present Practice, is the making use of *Italian Recitativo* with *English* Words.

To go to the Bottom of this Matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People, as we may see even in the *Welsh* and *Scotch*, who border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *English* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own Countrymen, not considering that a Foreigner complains of the same Tone in an *English* Actor.

For this Reason, the Recitative Musick in every Language should be as different as the Tone or Accent of each Language; for otherwise, what may properly express a Passion in one Language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote Affinity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Conversation, or to speak more properly, are only the Accents of their Language made more Musical and Tuneful.

Thus the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Musick (if one may so call them) which

resemble their Accents in Discourse on such Occasions, are not unlike the ordinary Tones of an *English* Voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our Audiences extreamly mistaken as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to see the Hero knock down his Messenger, when he has been asking him a Question, or fancying that he quarrels with his Friend, when he only bids him Good-morrow.

For this Reason the *Italian* Artists cannot agree with our *English* Musicians in admiring *Purcell's* Compositions, and thinking his Tunes so wonderfully adapted to his Words, because both Nations do not always express the same Passions by the same Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *English* Composer should not follow the *Italian* Recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle Deviations from it in Compliance with his own Native Language. He may Copy out of it all the lulling Softness and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakespear* calls them), but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an *English* Audience, and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in ordinary Conversation, have the same Regard to the Accent of his own Language as those Persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing Birds of our own Country learn to sweeten their Voices, and mellow the Harshness of their natural Notes, by practising under those that come from warmer Climates. In the same manner, I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our

English Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the Infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the Subject Matter of it be *English.*

A Composer should fit his Musick to the Genius of the People, and consider that the Delicacy of Hearing and Taste of Harmony has been formed upon those Sounds which every Country abounds with: In short, that Musick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear may be Dissonance to another.

The same Observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of Musick may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully* acted like a Man of Sense in this Particular. He found the *French* Musick extreamly defective, and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Musick, and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian.* By this means the *French* Musick is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian,* you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a Preference. The Musick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of such a gay airy

People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Consort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to Sing along with the Actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a Celebrated Song than the Clerk of a Parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the Musick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so Painted that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing-Masters. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Rushes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig and a Plume of Feathers, but with a Voice so full of Shakes and Quavers, that I should have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Musick.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation was the Rape of *Proserpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himself in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence, but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offer'd, than that Musick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and

Rules from the general Sense and Taste of Mankind, and not from the Principles of those Arts themselves; or, in other Words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not design'd to please only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Passion is express'd in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of those Sounds be more or less pleasing.

Addison.

Project of an Opera

Sit mihi fas audita loqui!—VIRG.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-House not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my self for above half an Hour with overhearing the Discourse of one, who, by the Shabbiness of his Dress, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I discovered to be of that Species who are generally distinguished by the Title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Listners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He said that he had observed the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkies are in one place; the Puppet-Show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that

are almost a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great;* in which he had disposed of all the remarkable Shows about Town among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from several Performances which he had seen upon our Stage: In one of which there was a Rary-Show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many Curiosities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune; At the same time *Clench* of *Barnet* is represented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in Love with a Piece of Wax-Work that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so excceding fierce that they would not lose their hold, tho' they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb, and that

they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be represented all the Diversions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre by Reason of the Lowness of the Roof. The several Woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkies dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleasantries of that ludicrous Species. At the same time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beasts, they may be either let loose among the Woods, or driven across the Stage by some of the Country People of *Asia*. In the last great Battel, *Pinkethman* is to personate King *Porus* upon an *Elephant*, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, representing *Alexander* the Great upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. *Powell* is desired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Close of this great decisive Battel, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual Friendship and good Correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell, junior*, may have an Opportunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery for the Diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged that a Puppet-Show was not a suitable Entertainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is

said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of these two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Guest with the *German* Artist, Mr. *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods, or any of the like Diversions which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This Project was receiv'd with very great Applause by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Design; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole Audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was, how to get Performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the Stage; but this Objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furnish us every Year with a Colony of Musicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; besides, says he; if we want any single Voice for any lower Part in

the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus settled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himself before the Fire,

where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over-hearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a Quarter of a Minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat,

attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Musick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ sound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subscription of about Ten Thousand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Answer, when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* Compositions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Musick then to receive further Improvements from *Switzerland!* This alarm'ed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to answer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with some Precipitation.

Addison.

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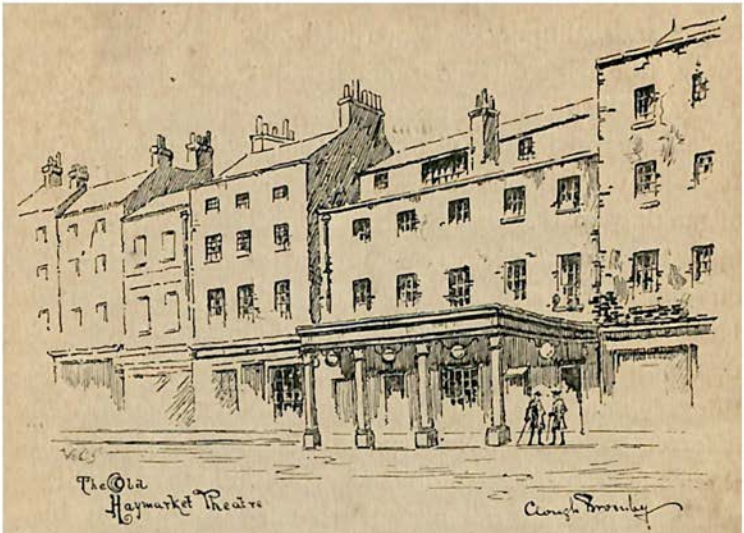


The Play-house

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuscum,
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—HOR.

ARISTOTLE has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to

terrify us, it thunders; When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head than to the sole of his Foot. One would believe that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country, or his Friends, one may see by his Action that his greatest Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a Man uttering his Complaints under such a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princess generally receives her Grandeur from those additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail: I mean the broad sweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds constant Employment for a Boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but, I must confess, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she

speaks, as to the right adjusting of her Train, lest it should chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Persons act

on the Stage at the same Time are very different: The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the Displeasure of the King her Father, or lose the Hero her Lover, whilst her Attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in Dresses and Cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This Artifice for moving Pity seems as ill-

contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great Idea of the Persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our Conceptions raised by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expression, rather than by a Train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

Another mechanical Method of making great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-snuffers, make up a compleat Body of Guards upon the *English* Stage; and by the Addition of a few Porters dressed in Red Coats, can represent above a Dozen Legions. I have sometimes seen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do Honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the Reader's Imagination to multiply twenty Men into such prodigious Multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or fifty Yards in Compass. Incidents of such a Nature should be told, not represented.

———Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
HOR.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
L. ROSCOM.

I should therefore, in this Particular, recommend to my Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage,

where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the *French* in banishing from our Stage the Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a Battle in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it as far as *Charing-Cross.*

I have here only touched upon those Particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize Persons in Tragedy; and shall shew in another Paper the several Expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration in their Hearers.

The Tailor and the Painter often contribute to the Success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Actors are very sensible that a well-dressed Play has sometimes brought them as full Audiences as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good Phrase to express this Art of imposing upon the Spectators by Appearances: They call it the *Fourberia della Scena, The Knavery or trickish Part of the Drama.* But however the Show and Outside of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more understanding Part of the Audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of an Army or a Battle in a Description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confusion of a Fight.

Our Minds should be opened to great Conceptions and inflamed with glorious Sentiments by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero give *Brutus* half that Pomp and Majesty which he receives from a few Lines in *Shakespear?*

Addison.

The Play-house

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.—HOR.

AMONG the several Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of an Audience with Terror, the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the Descending of a God, or the Rising of a Ghost, at the Vanishing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good Effect; and have seen the whole Assembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the Stage, or rose through a Cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one Word. There may be a proper Season for these several Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus

the sounding of the Clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake, and conveys a stronger Terror to the Mind than it is possible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a Master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance strikes the Imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

HOR. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
HAM. *Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!*
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell;
Be thy Intents wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! Answer me,*
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearsed in Death,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices abovementioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing.

For the moving of Pity our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the Persons are in Distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this Instrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: All that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue sympathize with his Eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compassion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the Distress, and melt his Audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet, being resolved to out-write all his Predecessors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Success: And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

But among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another which is so very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poysoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel

Temper: And as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Criticks, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a People that delight in Blood. It is indeed very odd to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the Ward-robe of a Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions

are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover,) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid *publick Blood-shed*, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murder'd her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his

Kingdom in Conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment with a Resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking to the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some Time in his present Bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him; and by ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murther he would revenge in the very same Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a Rule, of forbearing to

commit Parricides or unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*
Let not Medea *draw her murth'ring Knife,*
And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage.

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick Executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted Persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but also as an Improbability.

Ne pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Procne *vertatur*, Cadmus *in anguem,*
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HOR.

Medea *must not draw her murth'ring Knife,*
Nor Atreus *there his horrid Feast prepare.*
Cadmus *and* Progne's *Metamorphosis,*
(*She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake*)

And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several Dramatick Inventions which are made use of by the Ignorant Poets to supply the Place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with Caution. It would be an endless Task to consider Comedy in the same Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that small Wits put in practice to raise a Laugh. *Bullock* in a short Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this Effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jest in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age. But because Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion, and because the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Consequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

Addison.

Applause at the Play-house

———*Populares*
Vincentum strepitus———

HOR.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

It is observed, that of late Years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Play-house, who when he is pleased with any Thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is

commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work used to unbend his

Mind at these publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from Time to Time makes those strange Noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have

reported that it is a dumb Man, who has chosen this Way of uttering himself when he is transported with any Thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-house Thunderer, that exerts himself after this Manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my Business to get the best Information I could in a Matter of this Moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that stands in his Way with exceeding Vehemence: After which, he composes himself in his former Posture, till such Time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed, his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining Thought is expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great Use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places that the Audience soon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini's* first Appearance, was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*, and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespear* without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered.

The Players do not only connive at his obstreperous Approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his Use that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle-Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Use it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauses; or, to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper

Gallery to be like *Virgil's* Ruler of the Wind, seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.

It is certain the Trunk-maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the Audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it; so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmise which has no Foundation: his Stroaks are always just, and his Admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. The inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on sufficiently shows the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty

to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Trunk-maker shall depart this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, old Age, Infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary settled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should be always disposed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing Proofs both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace's* Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important Office that the *Trunk-maker* may not be missed by our Posterity.

Addison.

The Cat-call

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis
Contremuit domus ——

VIRG.

I HAVE lately received the following Letter from a Country Gentleman :—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"The Night before I left *London* I went to see a Play, called *The Humorous Lieutenant.* Upon the Rising of the Curtain I was very much surprized with the great Consort of Cat-calls which was exhibited that Evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a Mistake, and gone to a Musick-Meeting instead of the Play-house. It appeared, indeed, a little odd to me to see so many Persons of Quality of both Sexes assembled together at a kind of Catter wawling; for I cannot look upon that Performance to have been any thing better, whatever the Musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Questions of, and was forced to go out of Town early the next Morning,

I could not learn the Secret of this Matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give some account of this strange Instrument which I found the Company called a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very next Man to one of the Performers.

I am, Sir,
Your most affectionate Friend
and Servant,
John Shallow, *Esq.*"

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise

from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her

for this Wind-Instrument, but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*, who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the Works of Mr. * * * In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick, has the following Passage:—

I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument *that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use: An* Instrument *that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardice and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.*

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice. The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frighted Heroes off the Stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Dramatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an

unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call.

Addison.

Travelled Ladies

Natio Comœda est ———

JUV.

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace, tho' at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us! What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to! For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French* Fopperies.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous

Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Abigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. But I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

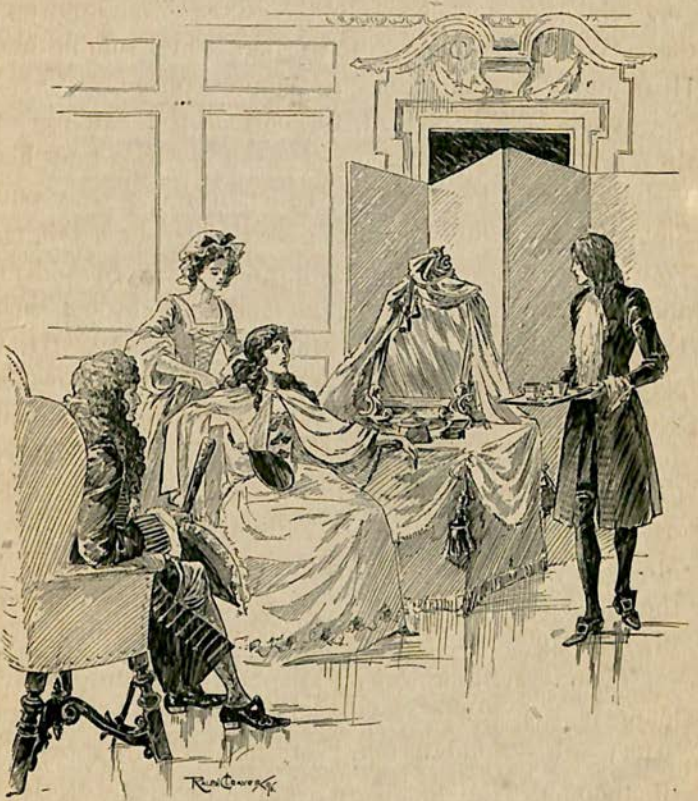
About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds. It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Looks, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair Sex,

that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she stirred a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out without making any Impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants! What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch!

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be, therefore, the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it), *more*

awakened, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that should



only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-

bred than anything that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead; who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the Curtain she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

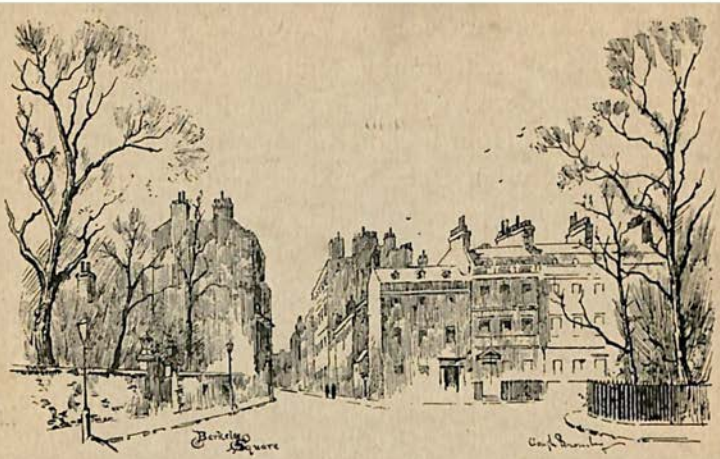
This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained

in Perfection by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must, however, be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled several Thousands of Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies who have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of St. *James's*, betray as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage as she could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*.

Addison.



Partizan Ladies

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu?——

JUV.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning: by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman who has passed a great Part of his Life in the

Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-Posset better than any Man in *England.* He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest Whig; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache,* who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Trades-man a Lousy Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not think of the Name of a Person, she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern my self about them: but as I would

fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale and tremble with Party-Rage! *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one Party than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea-Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this,

that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy.

I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure that is violent in a Party; but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Reservedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous Souls set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates*[1] was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and

[1] Dr. Sacheverell is meant.

Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL., who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) he should be made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, *Mr.* HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL., instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty), and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hanged if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly.

Addison.

Patches

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas——

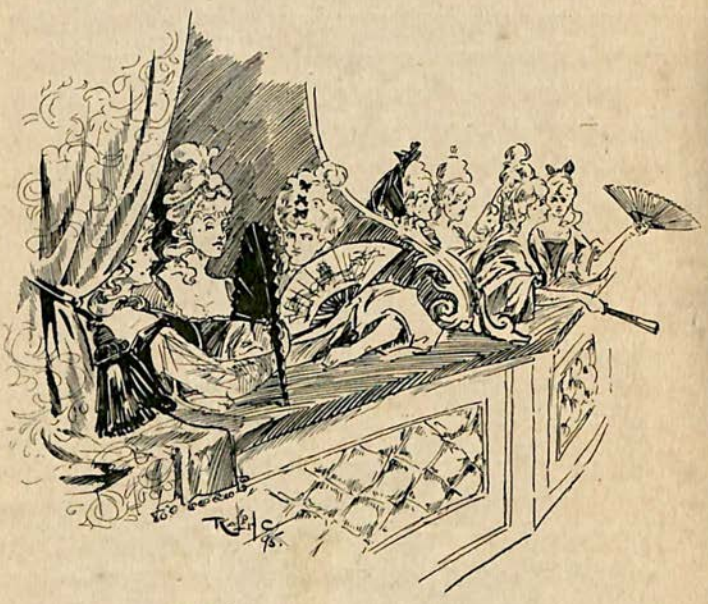
STATIUS.

ABOUT the Middle of last Winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *Haymarket*, where I could not but take notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themselves in the opposite Side-Boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one against another. After a short Survey of them, I found they were Patch'd differently; the Faces on one Hand being spotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and those upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different Situations as Party-Signals to distinguish Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between

these two opposite Bodies, were several Ladies who Patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and seem'd to sit there with no other Intention but to see the Opera. Upon Inquiry, I found that the Body of *Amazons* on my Right Hand were Whigs, and those on my Left, Tories: And that those who had placed themselves in the Middle Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men, whose Hearts are aimed at, are very often the Occasions that one Part of the Face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much Set off and Adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the Publick Good so much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain that there are several Women of Honour who patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their Party, and are so far from sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are,

she shall be at liberty to Patch on which Side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which being



very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had Revolted from the Whig Interest. But, whatever this natural Patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole, however, has mis-

led several Coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is

unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to Patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal

for their Cause to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tigress, that several Spots rise in her Skin when she is angry, or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verses that stand as the Motto on this Paper,

> *——She swells with angry Pride,*
> *And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry Side.*

When I was in the Theatre the Time above-mentioned, I had the Curiosity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty stronger than the Whig ; but to make amends for this small Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-Show filled with Faces spotted after the Whiggish Manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell ; but the next Night they came in so great a Body to the Opera, that they out-number'd the Enemy.

This Account of Party Patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a Distance from the fashionable World ; but as it is a Distinction of a very singular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-Rage in Women, as it only serves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animosities that reign among Men, and in a great measure deprive the Fair Sex of those peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and just upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *British* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with so many unnatural Divisions, that if they continue, it will be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for Women to interest themselves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reason, among others, they forbad them, under Pain of Death, to be present at the *Olympick* Games, notwithstanding these were the publick Diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other Accomplishments proper to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers, and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domestick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to shine in. If they must be shewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty and Country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and

Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared so laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her Necklace against the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in Favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*, which he made in Honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedæmonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few Words: Aspire only to those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex; follow your natural Modesty, and think it your greatest Commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

Addison.

Idols

——*O Dea certè!*—VIRG.

IT is very strange to consider, that a Creature like Man, who is sensible of so many Weaknesses and Imperfections, should be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Misery should contend for Praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves Objects of Admiration.

But notwithstanding Man's Essential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted Light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find Occasion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues, at least

in the Absence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wise Man and the Fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the Sense of his own Infirmities, the last is lifted up by the Discovery of those which he observes in other men. The Wise Man considers what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wise Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himself to the Applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this Passion for Admiration may appear in such a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good Effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to Actions which are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Consequences it produces are so good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by *Cicero*, that men of the greatest and the most shining Parts are the most actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we shall find this Principle of Action stronger in Women than in Men.

The Passion for Praise, which is so very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves Admiration: And I think we may observe,

without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Course of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion! How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carrying on of Traffic, the Administration of Justice, are those by which Men grow famous, and get themselves a Name.

But as this Passion for Admiration, when it works according to Reason, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; so nothing is more Destructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to say only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Person. You see in every Posture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Business and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reason your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Assemblies, in order to seduce Men to their Worship. The Playhouse is very frequently filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in Procession every Evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their Worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the

Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Disposal: Paradise is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are present with them. Raptures, Transports, and Ecstacies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Despair. I shall only add under this Head, that *Ovid's* Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worship which are made use of to an *Idol.*

It would be as difficult a Task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was to number those that were known in *Canaan* and the Lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their Votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed Worshippers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuse to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they Worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they Worship the same.

The Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to

confine the Idol to himself, the whole Business and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of

Chaucer: He represents one of them sitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

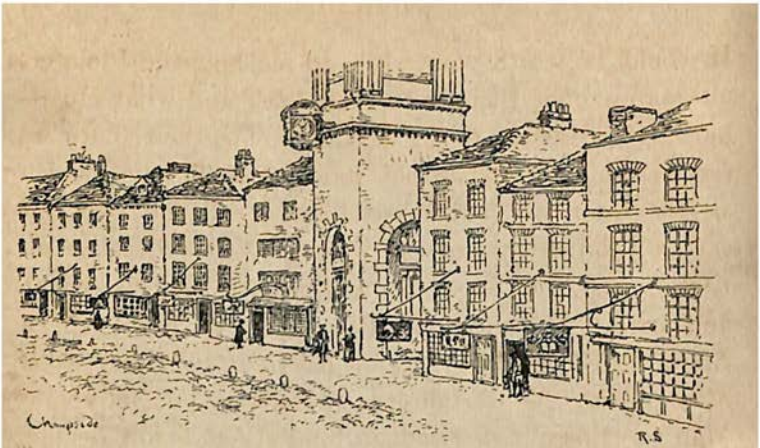
The Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer* puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is Worshipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midst of a large Congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themselves in her Eye, whilst she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them before they go out of her Presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an Occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

An *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a Woman.

Old Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol:* The Truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worshippers are about her.

Considering, therefore, that in these and many other Cases the *Woman* generally outlives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Passion for being admired; In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the Objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

Addison.



Idols

——*Nimium ne crede colori.*—VIRG.

"*London, June* 7, 1711.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"UPON reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts: I know, in particular, Goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long near *Change*, and another Fair One who keeps the Students at her House when they should be at Study.

It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rival, and carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Sirrah! Why don't you give the Gentleman the box to please himself?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had but just drank Tea before she would let him use it.

"I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I am a real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every body in the Room that was not in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Business, or talk Politicks, are utterly poisoned: They have also Drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with warmer Liquors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I must repeat

to you, that I do not look with an evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Diversion of the Lovers;

what I hope from this Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may not be served as if we were Idolators;

but that from the time of publishing this in your Paper, the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their Admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them. I am,

Sir, *Yours*,

T. T."

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I have formerly read with great Satisfaction your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where Women officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take *India* and *China* Shops into Consideration: But since you have pass'd us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning Eye, I must make my Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present Writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town; and though I say it, keep as good Things, and receive as fine Company as any o' this End of the Town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fair Way to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent Rambles, forsooth, and diverting the Spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a-day to cheapen Tea, or buy a Skreen; *What else should they mean?* as they often repeat it. These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my Ware. One of these No-Customers (for by the way they seldom or

never buy any thing) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another for a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and even to the Punch Bowl, there's scarce a piece in my Shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable Architecture disordered; so that I can compare

'em to nothing but to the Night-Goblins that take a Pleasure to over-turn the Disposition of Plates and Dishes in the Kitchens of your housewifely Maids. Well, after all this Racket and Clutter, this is too dear, that is their Aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I am not a Shilling the better for it. Lord! what signi-

fies one poor Pot of Tea, considering the Trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTATOR, are terrible Things; for though I am not possess'd by them my self, I suffer more from 'em than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such Day-Goblins to make fewer Visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's Shop; and to convince 'em, that we honest Shopkeepers have something better to do than to cure Folks of the Vapours *gratis*. A young Son of mine, a School-Boy, is my Secretary, so I hope you'll make Allowances.

I am, SIR,
Your constant Reader,
and very humble Servant,
Rebecca *the Distress'd.*"

March the 22nd.

Steele.

Beaux and Shoeing-Horns

O veræ Phrygiæ neque enim Phryges!——
VIRG.

AS I was the other day standing in my Bookseller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, stept out of her Coach, and brushing by me, beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further end of his Counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive Look, and at the same time presented him with a Letter: After which, pressing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, she delivered the remaining part of her Message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her Discourse, that she flushed, and cast an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been informed by my Bookseller that I was the Man of the short Face, whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming Creature smiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtsie. She scarce gave me time to return her Salute, before she quitted the Shop with an easie Scuttle, and stepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where

they were bid. Upon her Departure, my Bookseller gave me a Letter, superscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own Hands, and to tell me that the

speedy Publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends. I opened it, therefore, with a Resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my Male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would

have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the Face of the pretty Scribe.

"*London, Nov.* 1712.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"You are always ready to receive any useful Hint or Proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the Kingdom; I mean that part of Mankind who are known by the Name of the Womens-Men or Beaus, *etc. Mr.* SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Imployments, and for want of Business are often as much in the Vapours as the Ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since Knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty Amusement, that you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the Ladies they admire. And since 'tis not inconsistent with any Game, or other Diversion, for it may be done in the Play-house, in their Coaches, at the Tea-Table, and, in short, in all Places where they come for the sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased to forbid it there, to prevent Mistakes) it will be easily complied with. 'Tis beside an Imployment that allows, as we see by the Fair Sex, of many Graces, which will make the Beaus more readily come into it; it shews a white Hand and Diamond Ring to great advantage; it leaves the Eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the Thoughts, and the Tongue. In

short, it seems in every respect so proper, that 'tis needless to urge it further, by speaking of the Satisfaction these Male-Knotters will find, when they see their Work mixed up in a Fringe, and worn by the fair Lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these Gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis sad so considerable a part of the Kingdom (I mean for Numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your Reader, and generally your Admirer, C. B.

"*P.S.*—The sooner these fine Gentlemen are set to Work the better; there being at this time several fine Fringes that stay only for more Hands."

I shall, in the next place, present my Reader with the Description of a Set of Men who are common enough in the World, tho' I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter:—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"Since you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it's to be hoped you'll discourage every Practice that rather proceeds from a regard to Interest, than to Happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the Direction of the graver sort, to retain in their Service, by some small Encouragement, as

great a Number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant Fellows, which they use like Whifflers and commonly call *Shoeing-Horns*. These are never designed to know the length of the Foot, but only, when a good Offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the Point. Nay, 'tis the Opinion of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that it's absolutely convenient for every prudent Family to have several of these Implements about the House, to clap on as Occasion serves, and that every Spark ought to produce a Certificate of his being a Shoeing-Horn, before he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name if it was necessary, has at present more Shoeing-Horns of all Sizes, Countries, and Colours, in her Service, than ever she had new Shoes in her Life. I have known a Woman make use of a Shoeing-Horn for several Years, and finding him unsuccessful in that Function, convert him at length into a Shoe. I am mistaken if your Friend *Mr.* WILLIAM HONEYCOMB was not a cast Shoeing-Horn before his late Marriage. As for my self, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an errant Shoeing-Horn for above these twenty Years. I served my first Mistress in that Capacity above five of the Number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their Applications to her, I always thought my self the best Shoe in her Shop, and it was not till a Month before her Marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my Heart, and raised such Suspicions in me, that I told the next I made Love to, upon receiving

some unkind Usage from her, that I began to look upon my self as no more than her Shoeing-Horn. Upon which my Dear, who was a Coquet in her Nature, told me I was Hypocondriacal, and that I might as well look upon my self to be an Egg or a Pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in my self. It would be tedious to recount to you the Life of an unfortunate Shoeing-Horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy Relation of my Sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a Man in your Post, to determine in what Cases a Woman may be allowed, with Honour, to make use of a Shoeing-Horn, as also to declare whether a Maid on this side Five and Twenty, or a Widow who has not been three Years in that State, may be granted such a Privilege, with other Difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that Subject.

I am, Sir,

With the most profound Veneration,

Yours, etc."

Addison.

Head-dresses

——*Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.*—JUV.

THERE is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress: Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height, insomuch that the Female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Grasshoppers before them:* At present the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprize us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this

Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure now in Fashion, and think it shews the good Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects, who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in these Kinds of Building as in those which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid, sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal's* time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Post minor est: Altam credas.——

JUV.

But I do not remember in any Part of my Reading that the Head-dress aspired to so great an Extrava-

gance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman, who was but a *Pigmie* without her Head-

dress, appear'd like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur *Paradin* says, "That these old-fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell above the Head; that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crape fastened to the Tops of them, which were

curiously fringed and hung down their Backs like Streamers."

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous monk, *Thomas Conecte* by Name, attacked it with great Zeal

and Resolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magicians sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching, that he had often a Congregation of twenty thousand People; the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other, that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and animated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or to tell it in Monsieur *Paradin's* own Words, "The Women that, like Snails in a Fright, had drawn in their Horns, shot them out again as soon as the Danger was over." This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur *d'Argentré* in the History of *Bretagne*, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good Reign is the

only proper Time for making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power; in the same manner an excessive Head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my Female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master-piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face; she has touched it with Vermilion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory, made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Airs and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Shade of Hair as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light: In short, she seems to have designed the Head as the Cupola to the most glorious of her Works; and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childish Gewgaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace.

Addison.

Head-dresses

Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?—OVID.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be *ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, an Animal that delights in Finery.* I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have in particular observed, that in all Ages they have been more careful than the Men to adorn that Part of the Head which we generally call the Outside.

This Observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his Understanding; whereas when we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good Head, we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has lavished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress: Whether it

be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of Pinacle on the very Top of the Head. As Nature, on the contrary, has poured out her Charms in the greatest Abundance upon the Female Part of our Species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest Garnitures of Art. The Peacock, in all his Pride, does not display half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a *British* Lady when she is dressed either for a Ball or a Birth-day.

But to return to our Female Heads. The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting Season* with regard to that Part of their Dress, having *cast* great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambrick, and in some measure reduced that Part of the human Figure to the beautiful globular Form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of Ornament would be substituted in the Place of those antiquated Commodes. But our Female Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up with the Improvement of their Petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well remembring the old Kitchen Proverb, that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for it self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was standing in the hinder Part of the Box, I took notice of a little

Cluster of Women sitting together in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw. One of them was Blue, another Yellow, and another Philomot; the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleasure upon this little party-coloured Assembly as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an

Embassy of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be *English*. Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the Growth of no other Country. The Complection of their Faces hindred me from observing any farther the Colour of their Hoods, though I could easily perceive by that un-

speakable Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks, that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to shew their Principles in their Head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil*, not questioning but that among such a variety of Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend WILL., who very much values himself upon his great Insights into Gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of *Morocco* know the Disposition of their present Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he puts on. When *Melesinda* wraps her Head in Flame Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution. When she covers it with Purple, I would not, says he, advise her Lover to approach her; but if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL. informs me likewise that these Hoods may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend HONEYCOMB'S Dreams of Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this Diversity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diversity of Complexion

in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given some Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk to the pale Complexion; White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL., who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Sarsenet; that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood; as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky coloured Garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell; but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complexion of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the Fair Sex, I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other

Nations as much in Virtue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their Minds as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ᾽ οὐ χρυσία.

Addison.

Fans

——Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.—PHÆDR.

I DO not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Representation of their several fantastical Accomplishments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the Publick. It will sufficiently explain its own Intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at Length, without either Preface or Postscript.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them. To the end, therefore, that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practis'd at Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great Hall, where they are instructed

in the Use of their Arms, and *exercised* by the following Words of Command,—

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius, who will apply herself diligently to her Exercise for the Space of but one half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

"But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves a right Notion of this *Exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a Tap upon the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an easy Motion, and stands in a Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

"The next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are comprehended several little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan itself, that are seldom learned under a Month's Practice. This

Part of the *Exercise* pleases the Spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite

Number of *Cupids*, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display

themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

"Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the *Exercise;* but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

"When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word of Command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her self to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for that Purpose) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

"When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, I

generally let them walk about the Room for some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *Recover your Fans.* This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

"The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Master-piece of the whole *Exercise;* but if a Lady does not mis-spend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *Exercise;* for as soon as ever I pronounce *Flutter your Fans,* the Place is fill'd with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

"There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan.* There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind which does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent Lover who provoked it to have come within the

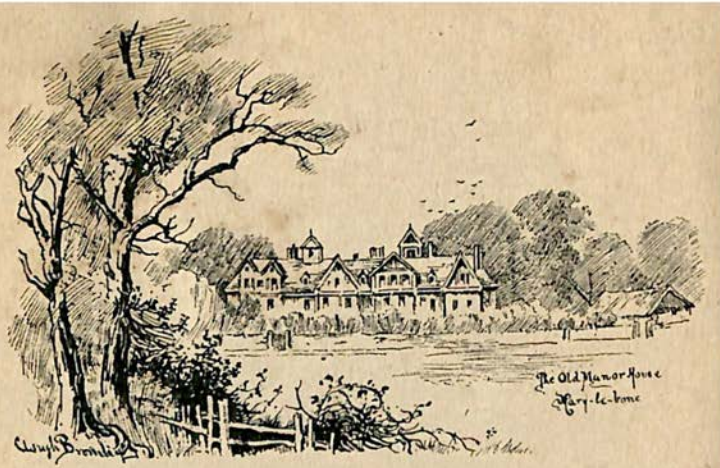
Wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet according to the Nature of the Person who bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entitled *The Passions of the Fan;* which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence.

I am, etc.

"*P.S.*—I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.

"*N.B.*—I have several little plain Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence."

Addison.



Ladies in Hat and Coat

———Qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce———

VIRG.

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion, as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and

Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another; As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In the last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this purpose that excellent Moralist above-mentioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would, methinks, be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her self as a

Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves, with regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses.

Nothing can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration; In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal:—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced, as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip every Way around me, my Eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate Objects by a little party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escaped my particular Observation, by reason that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appeared in his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him. He had a Coat and Wastecoat of blue Camlet trimm'd and embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore, in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the same airy Manner, and seemed to share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, a Part of the Equipage I had not

observed before, which was a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Wastecoat. After this Discovery, I looked again on the Face of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness were now strengthened into as improper a Boldness; and tho' her Eyes, Nose, and Mouth seemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

"There is an Objection which naturally presents it self against these occasional Perplexities and Mixtures of Dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our publick Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting-Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and compleat their Triumph over us by wearing the Breeches.

"If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleased with

assuming our Dresses will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel, while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the Latter ought never to think of assuming the Former. There is so large a portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betrayed into these romantick Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would *be themselves*, that is, what Nature designed them; and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant."

Steele.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Ladies in Hat and Coat

Nec duo sunt at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.

OVID.

MOST of the Papers I give the Publick are written on Subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious Essays and Discourses; but there is another sort of Speculations, which I consider as Occasional Papers, that take their Rise from the Folly, Extravagance, and Caprice of the present Age. For I look upon my self as one set to watch the Manners and Behaviour of my Countrymen and Contemporaries, and to mark down

every absurd Fashion, ridiculous Custom, or affected Form of Speech that makes its Appearance in the World, during the Course of these my Speculations. The Petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its Motions. The Party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had Intelligence of the Coloured Hood the very first time it appeared in a Publick Assembly. I might here mention several other the like Contingent Subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct Papers. By this Means I have so effectually quashed those Irregularities which gave Occasion to 'em, that I am afraid Posterity will scarce have a sufficient Idea of them, to relish those Discourses which were in no little Vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the Fashions and Customs I attacked were some Fantastick Conceits of my own, and that their Great-Grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this Reason, when I think on the Figure my several Volumes of Speculations will make about a Hundred Years hence, I consider them as so many Pieces of old Plate, where the Weight will be regarded, but the Fashion lost.

Among the several Female Extravagancies I have already taken Notice of, there is one which still keeps its Ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dress themselves in a Hat and Feather, a Riding-coat and a Perriwig, or at least tie up their Hair in a Bag or Ribbond, in imitation of the smart Part of the opposite Sex. As in my Yesterday's Paper I gave an Account

of the Mixture of two Sexes in one Commonwealth I shall here take notice of this Mixture of two Sexes in one Person. I have already shewn my Dislike of this Immodest Custom more than once; but in Contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the Highways about this great City are still very much infested with these Female Cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S about this time Twelve-month, an Equestrian Lady of this Order appeared upon the Plains which lay at a distance from his House. I was at that time walking in the Fields with my old Friend; and as his Tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a Sight, Sir ROGER asked one of them who came by us what *it* was? To which the Country Fellow reply'd, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, saving your Worship's Presence, in a Coat and Hat. This produced a great deal of Mirth at the Knight's House, where we had a Story at the same time of another of his Tenants, who meeting this Gentleman-like Lady on the Highway, was asked by her *whether that was* Coverly-Hall, the Honest Man seeing only the Male Part of the Querist, replied, *Yes, Sir;* but upon the second Question, *whether Sir* ROGER DE COVERLY *was a married Man*, having dropped his Eye upon the Petticoat, he changed his Note into *No, Madam.*

Had one of these Hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal's* Days, with what an Indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent Satyrist. He would have represented her in a Riding Habit, as

RALPH CLAVER

a greater Monster than the Centaur. He would have called for Sacrifices or Purifying Waters, to expiate the Appearance of such a Prodigy. He would have invoked the Shades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to see into what the *Roman* Ladies had transformed themselves.

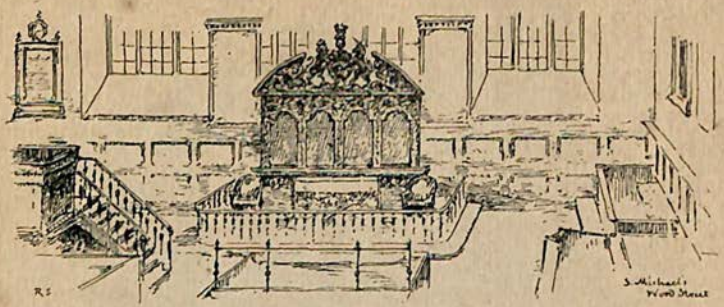
For my own part, I am for treating the Sex with greater Tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle Methods to bring them off from any little Extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it, however, absolutely necessary to keep up the Partition between the two Sexes, and to take Notice of the smallest Encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope, therefore, that I shall not hear any more Complaints on this Subject. I am sure my She-Disciples, who peruse these my daily Lectures, have profited but little by them if they are capable of giving in to such an Amphibious Dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my Female Readers in *Hyde Park*, who looked upon me with a masculine Assurance, and cocked her Hat full in my Face.

For my part, I have one general Key to the Behaviour of the Fair Sex. When I see them singular in any Part of their Dress, I conclude it is not without some Evil Intention; and therefore question not but the Design of this strange Fashion is to smite more effectually their Male Beholders. Now to set them right in this Particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a Figure entirely Female, than with such an

one as we may see every Day in our Glasses: Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a Man on Horseback, in his Breeches and Jack-Boots, and at the same time dressed up in a Commode and a Night-raile.

I must observe that this Fashion was first of all brought to us from *France*, a Country which has Infected all the Nations of *Europe* with its Levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole People, having more than once found fault with those general Reflections which strike at Kingdoms or Commonwealths in the Gross: A piece of Cruelty, which an ingenious Writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wished the *Roman* People had all but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I shall therefore only Remark, that as Liveliness and Assurance are in a peculiar manner the Qualifications of the *French* Nation, the same Habits and Customs will not give the same Offence to that People which they produce among those of our own Country. Modesty is our distinguishing Character, as Vivacity is theirs: And when this our National Virtue appears in that Female Beauty for which our *British* Ladies are celebrated above all others in the Universe, it makes up the most amiable Object that the Eye of Man can possibly behold.

Addison.



Salutations

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—TULL.

THERE are some Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's Common Sense without the Help of an Instructor; but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word; for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great Wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I

observe as I strole about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to salute, and stop short in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refused the Opportunity, is justly resented with a Coldness the whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour, or by any Means or for any Purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another Way, lest they should confer a Bow or a Curtsie upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their Favours of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners; he is the same civil Person he ever was; he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once to shew he is full of Business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not so well formed for Courtship and elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit; let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Business is still to be

well-bred to the End. I think I have read, in one of our *English* Comedies, a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place, would bow and smile

in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery and smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to speak of Salutation at

Church, I must take notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject, and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest, that all Regards at that Time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object without Disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me of one of her Acquaintance, who, out of meer Pride and a Pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the most religious Woman for no other Reason but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more considerable: A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town: After the Service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God

Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eyes upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Breeding enough for our Congregations, and has sent his two eldest Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny herself the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bashful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.

Steele.

Evergreens in Church

Spes incerta futuri.—VIRG.

"*January the* 14*th*, 1712.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I AM a young Woman and have my Fortune to make; for which Reason I come constantly to Church to hear Divine Service, and make Conquests: But one great Hindrance in this my Design, is, that our Clerk, who was once a Gardener, has this *Christmas* so over-deckt the Church with Greens, that he has quite spoilt my Prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young Baronet I dress at these three Weeks, though we have both been very constant at our Devotions, and don't sit above three Pews off. The Church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a Green-house than a Place of Worship: The middle Isle is a very pretty shady

Walk, and the Pews look like so many Arbours of each Side of it. The Pulpit itself has such Clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a light Fellow in our Pew took occasion to say, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like *Moses*. Sir *Anthony Love's* Pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my Batteries have no Effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, unless you'll give Orders for removing these Greens, I shall grow a very awkward Creature at Church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my Prayers. I am in haste,

Dear SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Jenny Simper."

"*Jan.* 24, 1712.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I am Clerk of the Parish from whence Mrs. *Simper* sends her Complaint, in your Yesterday's *Spectator*. I must beg of you to publish this as a publick Admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. *Simper*, otherwise all my honest Care in the Disposition of the Greens in the Church will have no Effect: I shall therefore with your Leave lay before you the whole Matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several Years a Gardener in the County of *Kent:* But I must absolutely deny that 'tis out of any Affection I retain for my old Employment that I have placed

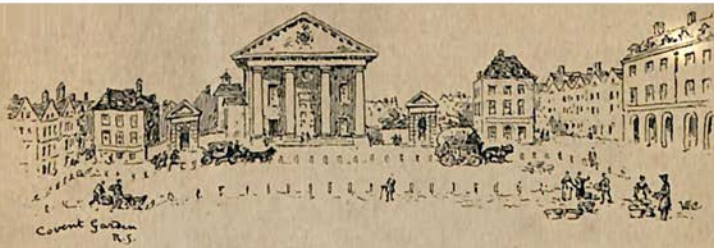
my Greens so liberally about the Church, but out of a particular Spleen I conceived against Mrs. *Simper* (and others of the same Sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had one Day set the Hundredth *Psalm*, and was singing the first Line in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, she was all the while curtsying to Sir *Anthony* in so affected and

indecent a manner, that the Indignation I conceived at it made me forget my self so far, as from the Tune of that *Psalm* to wander into *Southwell* Tune, and from thence into *Windsor* Tune, still unable to recover my self till I had with the utmost Confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile and curtsy to one at the lower End of the Church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri;* and when I have spoke

the Assent to a Prayer with a long *Amen* uttered with decent Gravity, she has been rolling her Eyes around about in such a Manner, as plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was not towards an Heavenly Object. In fine, she extended her Conquests so far over the Males, and raised such Envy in the Females, that what between Love of those and the Jealousy of these, I was almost the only Person that looked in the Prayer-Book all Church-time. I had several Projects in my Head to put a Stop to this growing Mischief; but as I have long lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the *Kentish* Men evaded the Conqueror by carrying green Boughs over their Heads, it put me in mind of practising this Device against Mrs. *Simper*. I find I have preserved many a young Man from her Eye-shot by this Means; therefore humbly pray the Boughs may be fixed, till she shall give Security for her peaceable Intentions.

Your Humble Servant,
Francis Sternhold."

Steele.



A Sexton's Complaint

———*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.—OVID.

"*May* 6, 1712.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I AM Sexton of the Parish of *Covent-Garden*, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morning, Crowds of People of Quality hastened to assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of the Garden. I had at the same time a very great Disesteem for Mr. *Powell* and his little thoughtless Commonwealth, as if they had enticed the Gentry into those Wandrings; But let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the honest Intentions of the said Mr. *Powell* and Company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the Profits which shall arise to-morrow Night by his Play to the use of the poor Charity-Children of this

Parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in *Holland* all Persons who set up any Show, or act any

Stage-Play, be the Actors either of Wood and Wire, or Flesh and Blood, are obliged to pay out of their Gain such a Proportion to the honest

and industrious Poor in the Neighbourhood: By this means they make Diversion and Pleasure pay a Tax to Labour and Industry. I have been told also, that all the time of *Lent*, in Roman-Catholick Countries, the Persons of Condition administred to the Necessities of the Poor, and attended the Beds of Lazars and diseased Persons. Our Protestant Ladies and Gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing Time, that they are obliged to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the Case is so, I desire only you would intreat our People of Quality, who are not to be interrupted in their Pleasure to think of the Practice of any moral Duty, that they would at least fine for their Sins, and give something to these poor Children; a little out of their Luxury and Superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton Use of the rest of their Fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the Ladies who haunt the Cloysters and Passages of the Play-house, were upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excellent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Method would make Offenders themselves do Service to the Publick. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary Reparation which Mr. *Powell* does our Parish, for the Noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of Coaches, Drums, Trumpets, Triumphs, and Battels. The Destruction of *Troy* adorned with Highland Dances, are to make up the Entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light Entertainment,

for no other Reason but that it is to do a good Action.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

Ralph Bellfry.

"I am credibly informed, that all the Insinuations which a certain Writer made against Mr. *Powell* at the *Bath* are false and groundless."

"*Mr.* Spectator,

"My Employment, which is that of a Broker, leading me often into Taverns about the *Exchange*, has given me occasion to observe a certain Enormity, which I shall here submit to your Animadversion. In three or four of these Taverns I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise Set of People with grave Countenances, short Wiggs, black Cloaths, or dark Camlet trimm'd with black, and mourning Gloves and Hatbands, who meet on certain Days at each Tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving Club. Having often met with their Faces, and observed a certain slinking Way in their dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to enquire into their Characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the Singularity of their Dress; and I find upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Mortality over their Half-pints. I have so great a Value and Veneration for any who have but

even an assenting *Amen* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these Persons should incur some Scandal by this Practice; and would therefore have them, without Raillery, advised to send the Florence and Fullets home to their own Houses, and not pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant

Humphry Transfer."

Steele.

A Citizen's Diary

——*fruges consumere nati.*—HOR.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then*, says he, *go off the Stage with your Applause;* using the Expression with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrist, or the Good Companion, consider with himself, when his Body

shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will redound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body outdid him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose: I have often seen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of

a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. Since the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity:—

MONDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoaked three Pipes of *Virginia.* Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Islington.*

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my Shooe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Staid within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy;* who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cookmaid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy. Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dryed my self.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier.*

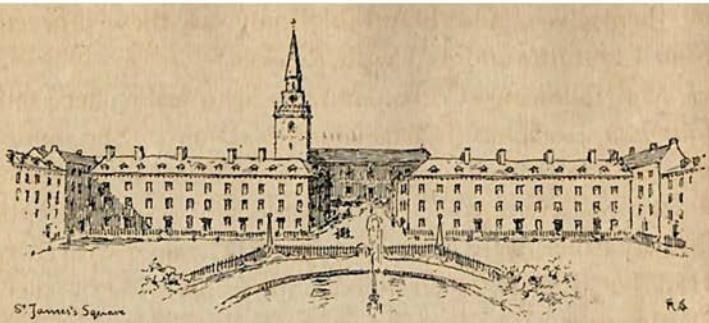
Three a-Clock. Overslept my self.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead, *etc.*

I question not but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods

of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectify the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

Addison.



A Lady's Diary

——*Modo Vir, modo Fœmina.*——

VIRG.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several Letters, with Accounts of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mohock.* By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last *Tuesday's* Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent

in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable kind of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

"*Dear Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"You having set your Readers an Exercise in one of your last Week's Papers, I have perform'd mine according to your Orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good Fortune, who have had several Matches offered me for these ten Years last past, and have at present warm Applications made to me by a very pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I come up to Town every Winter, and pass my Time in it after the manner you will find in the following Journal, which I begun to write upon the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that Subject:—

TUESDAY *Night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From Eight 'till Ten.* Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator.*

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the *Change.* Cheapned a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth.*

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe* abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny.* Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth. Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the Morning. Fontange, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank*

to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton.* His Account of the *Mohocks.* His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny.*

Ten a-Clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut myself up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes aked and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe.*

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat.

Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora.*

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny.*

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapp'd *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora.* Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth.*

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated

without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a *G*.

Mem. The Conjurer was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name, etc.

"Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the Violet-Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth* and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my Time and Thoughts as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your humble Servant,
Clarinda."

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author on Sir *Philip Sidney's* Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke.*

Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's *Sister,* Pembroke's *Mother:*
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.

Addison.

Servants

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures?—VIRG.

"*May* 30, 1711.

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE no small Value for your Endeavours to lay before the World what may escape their Observation, and yet highly conduces to their Service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many Subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different Scenes of Life. But in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you should not omit Circumstances which relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general Corruption of Manners in the Servants of *Great Britain.* I am a Man that have travelled and seen many Nations, but have for seven Years last past resided constantly in *London*, or within twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have contracted a numerous Acquaintance among the best Sort of

People, and have hardly found one of them happy in their Servants. This is matter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all such as have visited Foreign Countries; especially since we cannot but observe, That there is no Part of the World where Servants have those Privileges and Advantages as in *England:* They have no where else such plentiful Diet, large Wages, or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their Masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent Robberies and Losses which we suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses. That indeed which gives me the present Thought of this kind, is, that a careless Groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World with only riding him ten Miles, and I assure you, if I were to make a Register of all the Horses I have known thus abused by the Negligence of Servants, the Number would mount a Regiment. I wish you would give us your Observations, that we may know how to treat these Rogues, or that we Masters may enter into Measures to reform them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about Servants, and you make me
Pray do not omit the Mention of Grooms in particular.

Yours,
Philo-Britannicus."

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reason for his Resentment; and I know no Evil which

touches all Mankind so much as this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, The Custom of giving Board-Wages: This one Instance of false Oeconomy is sufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their Time in that Quality. They are either attending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or else, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after their Masters, and reserve their Wages for other Occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower Degree what their Masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when they are in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Master's Sight, to assume in a humourous Way the Names and Titles of those whose Liveries they wear. By which means Characters and Distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Causes, one may impute a certain Insolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentleman though they know him ever so well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Master's.

My Obscurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty,

without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous House of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-House near the House of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at Window if she did not bring up more Mild Beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprize was encreased, in hearing loud and rustick Voices speak and answer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the most Illustrious of our Nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cry'd the House was rising. Down came all the Company together, and away! The Alehouse was immediately filled with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Marquis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and so forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Insolence, near the Courts of Justice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Assembly, where there is an universal Mockery of all Order, such riotous Clamour and licentious Confusion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jest, and there were no such thing as Rule and Distinction among us.

The next Place of Resort, wherein the servile World are let loose, is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they say at their Tables, and act in their Houses, is communicated

to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with these People at their Diversions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Insolence and Pride exposed (allowing for their want of Education), with as much Humour and good Sense as in the politest Companies. It is a general Observation, That all Dependants run in some measure into the Manners and Behaviour of those whom they serve: You shall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys, as well as at *White's* or in the Side-Boxes.

Steele.

Servants

At hæc etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.—TULL. EPIST.

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a

Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them: which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters:—

"*August* 2, 1711.

"*Sir*,

"I have read your *Spectator* of the third of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries: As when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now.* If I am to make haste back, *Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions.* Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner; and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and

we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done.*

I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

Ralph Valet."

"*Dear Mr.* SPECTER,

"I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the Room, and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says No

she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that and two or three things more in an Instant: The Woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my Lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

I am

Your Loving Friend,

Patience Giddy."

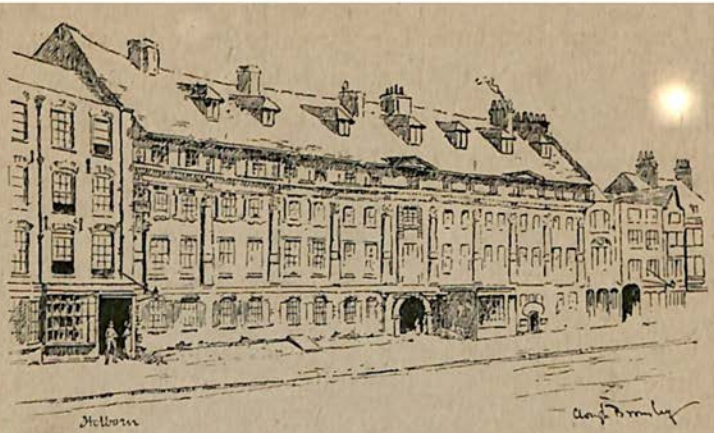
These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter

Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying after him his Cloak,

upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions cannot be a proper Master of another. Æquanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.* *Steele.*



Shops

To his Worship the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, Stationer, in the Centre of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner and his Fore-Fathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial; That your Petitioner's Ancestor, *Crouchback Title-Page*, was the first of that Vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the Corner of *Lothbury*, was by way of Eminency called *the Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear: That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built:

That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom, and hopes you never had Reason to complain of your Penny-worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's* Grammar, and at the same Time a *Wit's Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where you often practised for Hours together, sometimes on his Books upon the Rails, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphicks either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* Woman on the other Side of the Shop had wrought in Ginger-bread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

From these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, That he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those Refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of *London and Westminster.*

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, etc.

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the Parish of St. *Martins in the Fields*, in Behalf of himself and Neighbours,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have with great Industry and Application arrived at the most exact Art of Invitation or Entreaty: That by a beseeching Air and perswasive Address, they have for many Years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth Passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their Shops, to come in and buy; and from that Softness of Behaviour, have arrived among Tradesmen at the gentle Appellation of *the Fawners*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain Persons of *Monmouth-street* and *Long-lane*, who by the Strength of their Arms, and Loudness of their Throats, draw off the Regard of all Passengers from your said Petitioners; from which Violence they are distinguished by the Name of *the Worriers*.

That while your Petitioners stand ready to receive Passengers with a submissive Bow, and repeat with a gentle Voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;* the Worriers reach out their Hands at Pistol-shot, and seize the Customers at Arm's Length.

That while the Fawners strain and relax the Muscles of their Faces in making Distinction between a Spinster in a coloured Scarf and an Hand-maid in a Straw-Hat, the Worriers use the same Roughness to

both, and prevail upon the Easiness of the Passengers, to the Impoverishment of your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town; and that *Round-Court* may remain a Receptacle for Buyers of a more soft Education. *And your Petitioners*, etc.

Steele.

Beggars

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.—Hor.

"*Sir*,

"As you are Spectator-General, you may with Authority censure whatsoever looks ill, and is offensive to the Sight; the worst Nusance of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous Appearance of Poor in all Parts of this wealthy City. Such miserable Objects affect the compassionate Beholder with dismal Ideas, discompose the Chearfulness of his Mind, and deprive him of the Pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the Grandeur of our Metropolis. Who can without Remorse see a disabled Sailor, the Purveyor of our Luxury, destitute of Necessaries? Who can behold an honest Soldier, that bravely withstood the Enemy, prostrate

and in Want amongst his Friends? It were endless to mention all the Variety of Wretchedness, and the numberless Poor, that not only singly, but in Companies, implore your Charity. Spectacles of this Nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongst the many lamentable Cries that infest this Town, your Comptroller-General should not take notice of the most shocking, *viz.* those of the Needy and Afflicted. I can't but think he wav'd it meerly out of good Breeding, chusing rather to stifle his Resentment, than upbraid his Countrymen with Inhumanity; however, let not Charity be sacrificed to Popularity, and if his Ears were deaf to their Complaints, let not your Eyes overlook their Persons. There are, I know, many Impostors among them. Lameness and Blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those that have their Sight and Limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his Senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move Compassion, or he who beholds a miserable Object without pitying it. But in order to remove such Impediments, I wish, Mr. SPECTATOR, you would give us a Discourse upon Beggars, that we may not pass by true Objects of Charity, or give to Impostors. I looked out of my Window the other Morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind Beggar, an Hour before the Passage he stands in is frequented, with a Needle and Thread, thriftily mending his Stockings: My Astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame Fellow, whose Legs

were too big to walk within an Hour after, bring him a Pot of Ale. I will not mention the Shakings, Distortions, and Convulsions which many of them practise

to gain an Alms ; but sure I am, they ought to be taken Care of in this Condition, either by the Beadle or the Magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their Posts according to their Talents. There is the Voice of an old

Woman never begins to beg 'till nine in the Evening, and then she is destitute of Lodging, turned out for want of Rent, and has the same ill Fortune every Night in the Year. You should employ an Officer to hear the Distress of each Beggar that is constant at a particular Place, who is ever in the same Tone, and succeeds because his Audience is continually changing, tho' he does not alter his Lamentation. If we have nothing else for our Money, let us have more Invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your Spectatorial Vigilance: and I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant."

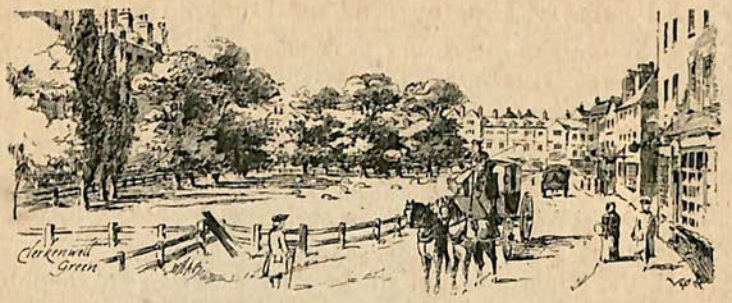
"*Sir,*

"I was last *Sunday* highly transported at our Parish-Church; the Gentleman in the Pulpit pleaded movingly in Behalf of the poor Children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing an Hymn; And I had the Happiness to be a Contributor to this little religious Institution of Innocents, and am sure I never disposed of Money more to my Satisfaction and Advantage. The inward Joy I find in my self, and the Goodwill I bear to Mankind, make me heartily wish those pious Works may be encouraged, that the present Promoters may reap the Delight, and Posterity the Benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful Edifice, let not the old Ruins remain in View to sully the Prospect: Whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful Offspring, let not the

ancient and helpless Creatures be shamefully neglected. The Crowds of Poor, or pretended Poor, in every Place, are a great Reproach to us, and eclipse the Glory of all other Charity. It is the utmost Reproach to Society, that there should be a poor Man unrelieved, or a poor Rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no Part of Human Life out of your Consideration, but will, at your Leisure, give us the History of Plenty and Want, and the natural Gradations towards them, calculated for the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

I am, Sir,
Your most Humble Servant,
T. D."

Steele.



A Bear Garden

———*Verso pollice vulgi*
Quemlibet occidunt Populariter.—JUV.

BEING a Person of insatiable Curiosity, I could not forbear going on *Wednesday* last to a Place of no small Renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of *Britons*, namely, to the Bear-Garden at *Hockley in the Hole*;[1] where (as a whitish brown Paper, put into my Hands in the Street, informed me) there was to be a Tryal of Skill to be exhibited between two Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock precisely. I was not a little charm'd with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus :—

I James Miller, *Serjeant* (*lately come from the Frontiers of* Portugal), *Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing in most Places where I have been of the*

[1] By Clerkenwell Green.

great Fame of Timothy Buck *of* London, *Master of the said Science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several Weapons following*, viz.,

Back-Sword,	*Single Falchon,*
Sword and Dagger,	*Case of Falchons,*
Sword and Buckler,	*Quarter Staff.*

If the generous Ardour in *James Miller* to dispute the Reputation of *Timothy Buck* had something resembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy Buck* return'd Answer in the same Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himself, but in that, as the Fame went out, he had fought *Parkes* of *Coventry*. The Acceptance of the Combat ran in these Words :—

I Timothy Buck *of* Clare-Market, *Master of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr.* Parkes of Coventry, *will not fail (God Willing) to meet this fair Inviter at the Time and Place appointed, desiring a clear Stage and no Favour.*

Vivat Regina.

I shall not here look back on the Spectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this kind, but must believe this Custom took its rise from the Ages of Knight-Errantry ; from those who lov'd one Woman so well, that they hated all Men and Women else ; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind ; from those who demanded the Combat of their Con-

temporaries, both for admiring their Mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preserved, when the amorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retained the Barbarity, but lost the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wish, methinks, these Gentlemen had consulted me in the Promulgation of the Conflict. I was obliged by a fair young Maid whom I understood to be called *Elizabeth Preston*, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glass of Water; whom I imagined might have been, for Form's sake, the general Representative of the Lady sought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Amarillis*, on these Occasions. It would have ran better in the Challenge, *I* James Miller, *Serjeant, who have travelled Parts abroad, and came last from the Frontiers of* Portugal, *for the Love of* Elizabeth Preston, *do assert, That the said* Elizabeth is the Fairest of Women. Then the Answer: *I* Timothy Buck, *who have stay'd in* Great Britain *during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of* Susanna Page, *do deny that* Elizabeth Preston *is so fair as the said* Susanna Page. Let *Susanna Page* look on, and I desire of *James Miller* no Favour.

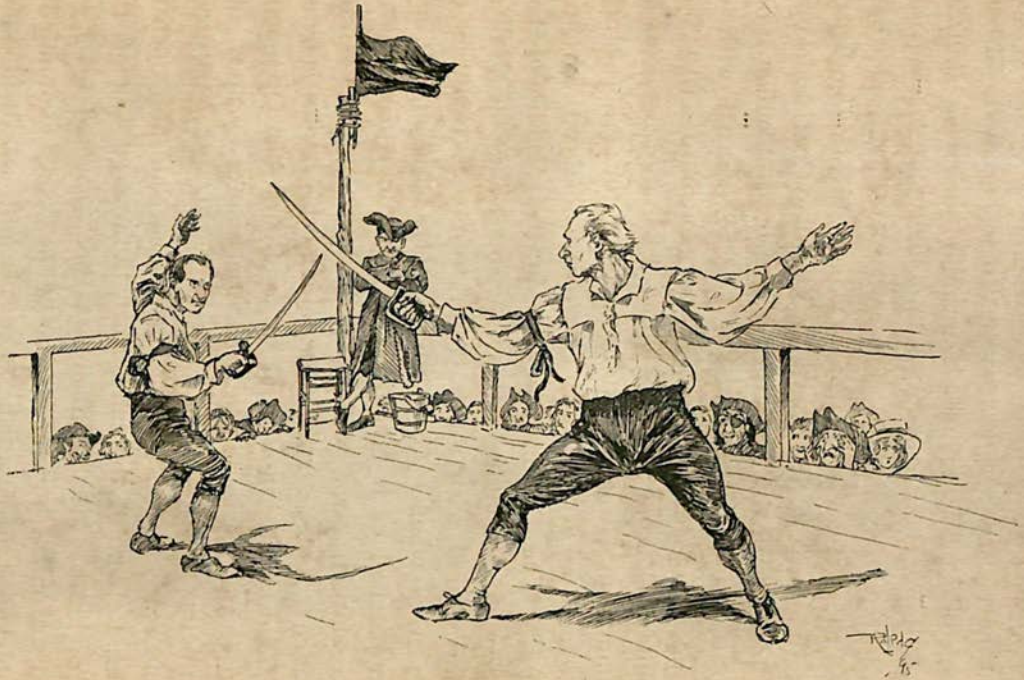
This would give the Battel quite another Turn; and a proper Station for the Ladies, whose Complexion was disputed by the Sword, would animate the Disputants with a more gallant Incentive than the Expectation of Money from the Spectators; tho' I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that Fair One whose Lover was approved by the Donor.

Yet, considering the Thing wants such Amendments, it was carried with great Order. *James Miller* came on first, preceded by two disabled Drummers, to shew, I suppose, that the Prospect of maimed Bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring *Miller* a Gentleman, whose Name I could not learn, with a dogged Air, as unsatisfied that he was not Principal. This Son of Anger lowred at the whole Assembly, and weighing himself as he march'd around from Side to Side, with a stiff Knee and Shoulder, he gave Intimations of the Purpose he smothered till he saw the Issue of this Encounter. *Miller* had a blue Ribband tied round the Sword Arm; which Ornament I conceive to be the Remain of that Custom of wearing a Mistress's Favour on such Occasions of old.

Miller is a Man of six Foot eight Inches Height, of a kind but bold Aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his Limbs: and such Readiness as spoke his Ease in them, was obtained from a Habit of Motion in Military Exercise.

The Expectation of the Spectators was now almost at its Height, and the Crowd pressing in, several active Persons thought they were placed rather according to their Fortune than their Merit, and took it in their Heads to prefer themselves from the open Area, or Pitt, to the Galleries. This Dispute between Desert and Property brought many to the Ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest Seats by Turns for the Space of ten Minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole Assembly giving up their Disputes,

turned their Eyes upon the Champions. Then it was that every Man's Affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious Gentleman near me said, *I could methinks be* Miller's *Second, but I had rather have* Buck *for mine. Miller* had an Audacious Look, that took the Eye; *Buck* a perfect Composure, that engaged the Judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain Coat, and kept all his Air till the Instant of Engaging; at which time he undress'd to his Shirt, his Arm adorn'd with a Bandage of red Ribband. No one can describe the sudden Concern in the whole Assembly; the most tumultuous Crowd in Nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their Lives depended on the first Blow. The Combatants met in the Middle of the Stage, and shaking Hands as removing all Malice, they retired with much Grace to the Extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an Heart full of Resolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled Countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own Defence, *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his Opponent. It is not easie to describe the many Escapes and imperceptible Defences between two Men of quick Eyes and ready Limbs; but *Miller's* Heat laid him open to the Rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large Cut on the Forehead. Much Effusion of Blood covered his Eyes in a Moment, and the Huzzas of the Crowd undoubtedly quickened the Anguish. The Assembly was divided into Parties upon their different ways of Fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the Galleries apparently suffered



for *Miller*, and burst into a Flood of Tears. As soon as his Wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little Rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave Man can be wounded into more Patience and Caution? The next was a warm, eager Onset, which ended in a decisive Stroke on the Left Leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the Gallery, during this second Strife, covered her Face; and for my Part, I could not keep my Thoughts from being mostly employed on the Consideration of her unhappy Circumstance that Moment, hearing the Clash of Swords, and apprehending Life or Victory concerned her Lover in every Blow, but not daring to satisfie her self on whom they fell. The Wound was exposed to the View of all who could delight in it, and sowed up on the Stage. The surly Second of *Miller* declared at this Time, that he would that Day Fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the same Weapons, declaring himself the Master of the renowned *Gorman;* but *Buck* denied him the Honour of that couragious Disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that Champion, accepted the Challenge.

There is something in Nature very unaccountable on such Occasions, when we see the People take a certain painful Gratification in beholding these Encounters. Is it Cruelty that administers this Sort of Delight? Or is it a Pleasure which is taken in the Exercise of Pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the Business of the Day being a Tryal of Skill, the Popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of *Buck*. Is it that People's

Passions have their Rise in Self-Love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the Courage they had) liable to the Fate of *Miller*, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like *Buck?*

Tully speaks of this Custom with less Horrour than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his Time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first Regulations, when Criminals only fought before the People. *Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina. The Shows of Gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those Times when only Criminals were Combatants, the Ear perhaps might receive many better Instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our Eyes should fortifie us so well against Pain and Death.*

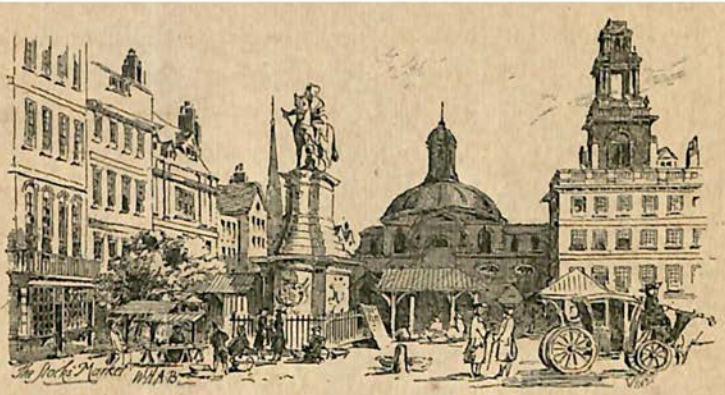
"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I was the other Day at the *Bear-Garden*, in hopes to have seen your short Face; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of Letter, That there is a Mystery among the Gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial Penetration. For being in a Box at an Ale-house, near that renowned Seat of Honour abovementioned, I over-heard two Masters of the Science agreeing to quarrel on the next Opportunity. This

was to happen in the Company of a Set of the Fraternity of Basket-Hilts, who were to meet that Evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, Will you give Cuts or receive? the other answered, Receive. It was replied, Are you a passionate Man? No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I thought it my Duty to acquaint you with this, that the People may not pay their Money for Fighting, and be cheated.

Your Humble Servant,
Scabbard Rusty."

Steele.



Lotteries

———οὖλον ὄνειρον

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to Eat of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the Midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Freewill to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets which, Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet's* Burying-place at

Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would Starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its Fellows. They all of them have the same Pretensions to good Luck, stand upon the same foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case, therefore, Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134. On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666 against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find

their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others, because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of Human Reason, which is of so busie a Nature, that it will be exerting it self in the meanest Trifles and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage; did any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was surprized to see the following one:—

This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price will be given for the Ticket in the £1500000 Lottery, No. 132, *by Nath. Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. *Cliff's*

Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when

I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement :—

"*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

"I am the Person that lately advertised I would give ten Shillings more than the current Price for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now drawing ; which is

a Secret I have communicated to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon that Account. You must know I have but one Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the Number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Occasion, that I have not only possessed the Lot, but disposed of the Money which in all probability it will sell for. This Morning, in particular, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the Town. The Liveries are very Rich, but not Gaudy. I should be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery Subjects, in which you would oblige all People concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,
George Gossling.

"*P.S.*—Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, I'll make thee a handsome Present."

After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest Part of Mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend *Gossling's* Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be,

not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse our selves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project, or Reversion, that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business, and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon Contingent Futuritics, that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chymerical Grandeur, Senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man who will live above his present Circumstances is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be Time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

Addison.

The Stamp Duty

Tanti non es ais. Sapis, Luperce.—MART.

THIS is the Day on which many eminent Authors will probably Publish their Last Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Historians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to subsist under the Weight of a Stamp and an approaching Peace. A Sheet of Blank Paper that must have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to Communicate any thing to the Publick, will make its way in the World but very heavily. In short, the Necessity of carrying a Stamp, and the Improbability of notifying a Bloody Battel, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin Folios which have every other Day retailed to us the History of *Europe* for several Years last past. A Facetious Friend of mine, who loves a Punn, calls this present Mortality among Authors, *The Fall of the Leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter's* Death, there was

Published a Sheet of very good Sayings, inscribed, *The last Words of Mr.* Baxter. The Title sold so great a Number of these Papers, that about a Week after there came out a second Sheet, inscrib'd, *More last Words of Mr.* Baxter. In the same manner, I have Reason to think, that several Ingenious Writers, who

have taken their Leave of the Publick, in farewell Papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, tho' perhaps under another Form, and with a different Title. Be that as it will, it is my Business, in this place, to give an Account of my own Intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the Motives by which I Act in this great Crisis of the Republick of Letters.

I have been long debating in my own Heart, whether

I should throw up my Pen, as an Author that is cashiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to Operate within these Four and Twenty Hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my Speculations, from Day to Day, before the Publick. The Argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the Question is, that I am informed by my Bookseller he must raise the Price of every single Paper to Two-Pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the Duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my Readers should have their Learning as cheap as possible, it is with great Difficulty that I comply with him in this Particular.

However, upon laying my Reasons together in the Balance, I find that those which plead for the Continuance of this Work have much the greater Weight. For, in the first Place, in Recompence for the Expence to which this will put my Readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every Paper so much Instruction as will be a very good Equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who after the Perusal of it does not find himself Two-pence the wiser, or the better Man for it; or who, upon Examination, does not believe that he has had Two-penny-worth of Mirth or Instruction for his Money.

But I must confess there is another Motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the Tax on Paper was given for the Support of the Government; and as I have Enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would

ascribe the laying down my Paper, on such an Occasion, to a Spirit of Malecontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the Weal Publick; and if my Country receives Five or Six Pounds a-day by my Labours, I shall be very well pleased to find my self so useful a Member. It is a received Maxim, that no honest Man should enrich himself by Methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives; and by the same Rule I think we may pronounce the Person to deserve very well of his Countrymen, whose Labours bring more into the publick Coffers than into his own Pocket.

Since I have mentioned the Word Enemies, I must explain my self so far as to acquaint my Reader, that I mean only the insignificant Party Zealots on both sides—Men of such poor narrow Souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an Eye to Whig or Tory. During the Course of this Paper I have been accused by these despicable Wretches of Trimming, Time-serving, Personal Reflection, secret Satire, and the like. Now, tho' in these my Compositions, it is visible to any Reader of Common Sense, that I consider nothing but my Subject, which is always of an indifferent Nature, how is it possible for me to write so clear of Party, as not to lie open to the Censures of those who will be applying every Sentence, and finding out Persons and Things in it which it has no regard to?

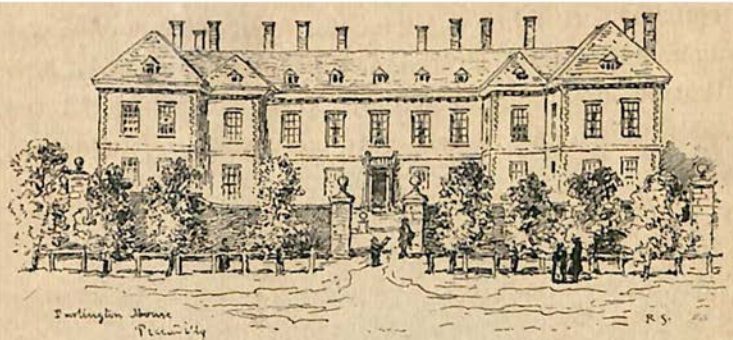
Several Paltry Scriblers and Declaimers have done

me the Honour to be dull upon me in Reflections of this Nature; but notwithstanding my Name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible Tribe of Men, I have hitherto avoided all Animadversions upon 'em. The Truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking Notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible Insects which are discover'd by the Microscope, and cannot be made the Subject of Observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the Enemies of this Paper, I should be very ungrateful to the Publick, did not I at the same time testifie my Gratitude to those who are its Friends, in which Number I may reckon many of the most distinguished Persons of all Conditions, Parties and Professions in the Isle of *Great-Britain*. I am not so vain as to think this Approbation is so much due to the Performance as to the Design. There is, and ever will be, Justice enough in the World to afford Patronage and Protection for those who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue, without regard to the Passions and Prejudices of any particular Cause or Faction. If I have any other Merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the Batteries of Ridicule. They have been generally planted against Persons who have appeared Serious rather than Absurd; or at best, have aimed rather at what is Unfashionable than what is Vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing Ridiculous that is not in some measure Criminal. I have set up the Immoral Man as the Object of

Derision: In short, if I have not formed a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion, I have at least shewn how that Weapon may be put to a right Use which has so often fought the Battels of Impiety and Profaneness.

Addison.



The Spectator to his Readers

Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu!—Hor.

I find, by several Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleased to pay Three Half-Pence for my Paper than Two-Pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the best Part of his Breakfast, for that since the rise of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Dish of Coffee by it self, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than Lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any Passage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them which he could heartily wish left out, *viz. Price Two-Pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie

under of setting an higher Price on our Commodities, since the late Tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that Subject, to speak a Word or two upon the present Duties on Castile-Soap. But there is none of these my Correspondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Sense and Elegance of Expression, than the generous *Philomedes*, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a Hundred of his Acquaintance who shall take it in at that Price.

Letters from the Female World are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same Occasion; and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this Part of our Species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my Conduct in this Particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handsome Remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their Father having refused to take in the *Spectator* since the additional Price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea-Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every Morning as usual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their Desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter; having given particular Orders, that the Tea-Table shall be set forth every Morning with its Customary Bill of Fare, and without any

manner of Defalcation. I thought my self obliged to mention this Particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Lætitia*, who sent me this Account, will acquaint me with his

Name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to any of my Readers; and, in order to it, must

propose two Points to their Consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will easily make up the Half Penny a Day, which we have now under Consideration. Let a Lady sacrifice but a single Ribband to her Morning Studies, and it will be sufficient: Let a Family burn but a Candle a Night less than the usual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without Detriment to their private Affairs.

In the next Place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by Retail, let them have Patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the Burthen of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are sold single, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy; after some time they come to Market in greater Quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their first Appearance, from several accidental Circumstances of Time, Place and Person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every Reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind-hand with the fashionable and polite part of the World, than to strain himself beyond his Circumstances. My Bookseller has now about Ten Thousand of the Third and Fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an Edition both of the First and Second Volume. As he is a Person whose Head is very well turned to his Business, he thinks they would be a very proper

Present to be made to Persons at Christenings, Marriages, Visiting-Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as several other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single Plate; and is of Opinion, that a Salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies as a Salver of Sweetmeats.

Addison.

THE END

Printed by R. & R CLARK, LIMITED, *Edinburgh.*

Due Date

00098934

28 NOV 1965

10 MAY 1981

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016